



COLUMBUS NUMBER.

# ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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JULIUS CHAMBERS . . . . . EDITOR

It was a "Boojum" after all! The cholera has not scared us, though hunted to its lair. Health Officer JENKINS is the hero of the hour. Indeed, all the members of the Health Board of New York command our highest honor and respect. It is a gratifying fact worthy of notice that this is all the reference which the cholera, so greatly dreaded one short week ago, now deserves.

WE extend our sincere thanks to our neighbors on the other side of the Canadian line for the hearty manner in which they are rallying to the support of ONCE A WEEK. The line between us is only drawn in water and the same good fellowship unites us. "Blood is thicker than water."

THAT kite-shaped track at Independence, Mo., seems to have been created to break a great many records. The bicycle wonder, JOHN S. JOHNSON, of Minneapolis, has just reduced the half-mile record upon it to fifty-five and a half seconds, and the quarter-mile record to twenty-six and three-fifths seconds, flying start. Another victory for the West! Alas! will its people leave us anything?

THE Hebrew year 5653 began on September 22d, and all orthodox members of that faith took a holiday for forty-eight hours. The time was not given up to feasting, but was devoutly observed in the synagogues. The Hebrews are a great people.

A MISSIONARY, Mr. PATON by name, has just returned from the South Sea Islands, where for thirty-four years he has been laboring among the cannibals of the New Hebrides. He assures a startled world that there are still forty thousand cannibals in that group of islands. Here is a great field for future missionary work. We would respectfully suggest that SAM SMALL be dispatched thither at once.

THE Grand Army Celebration at Washington was a perfect success. The only shadow that fell athwart it was caused by BEN BUTLER'S inability to ride at the head of his old command. On another page will be found many illustrations of the re-union.

HAS the "Monroe Doctrine" become a dead letter in this country? Can it be possible that we are about entering upon a war-making career?

WE are told that Mr. CORBETT is very anxious to meet Mr. CHARLES MITCHELL inside a twenty-four-foot ring. Strong as is our natural aversion to pugilism, we confess that we would be willing to stretch a point in order to have the blatant, bluffing Britisher taught

a few rudimentary elements in the line of decency and honorable conduct. We fear, however, that if these gentlemen do meet it will have to be in a stockade, out of which Mr. MITCHELL cannot climb or escape, to secure any decisive result.

## COMPETITIVE AND NON-COMPETITIVE BUSINESS.

THE head of the anthracite coal business and the president of the Reading Railroad Company, Mr. A. A. McLEOD, is before the people of this country in a very considerable degree. We do not propose to discuss his prominence at present as it pertains to any railroad strike in which the Reading Company may have a part, but on a subject quite detached, and one of the most important with which this country has to deal. That Mr. McLEOD is a bold man is shown by his attitude toward the employees of the railroad, and this boldness shows itself equally in another direction.

To divest a business of competition is the dream of many men, and it has succeeded in considerable degree with a few. Marked instances are the multi-millionaires of the oil and meat-packing businesses, who have received special favors from the railroads. People occupying the streets of cities—car companies, gas companies, electric companies—having been granted very exclusive public franchises, are others. The people who have to work competitively for a living cannot keep up at all with the extremely favored individuals whose businesses are largely non-competitive. There is a class of people, besides the prominent participants, who greatly favor this sort of thing. It is the socialists who desire to see it grow, believing that at the opportune time, after the non-competitive businesses are well established, the State will put out its hand and say: These businesses, which you have been running to the very great advantage of yourselves, belong to the public, and we will take them in its behalf. In this way the socialist favors non-competitive business; he sees in it the stepping-stone to the form of government that he favors.

The majority of the people of this country do not stand on this ground. They are willing to have, for an indefinite time in the future, a republican form of government, neither on the one hand the despotism of protected interests who are uncured in the revenue that they draw from the people, nor, on the other hand, a government where the individual counts for nothing, and sausages and land and other things in equal proportions are dealt out to the people. But if we are to have a republican form of government, there are some things that the State must do. It must not surrender too greatly its franchises to money oligarchs of the Reading-Standard-Gould-Vanderbilt type. Socialism can only come as it is introduced by them. Quarantine against them, and you can shut out sporadic plutocracy and national and epidemic socialism! To be sure, we have already got sporadic plutocracy, but this is a form of economic disease that may be successfully dealt with, and does not always imply a national calamity.

Mr. McLEOD has created a landmark in the advance of plutocracy and non-competitive business in this country. Everybody before him has fought shy of boldly and baldly stating what non-competitive business means. But he has gone through with an ordeal of legislative and judicial action regarding the Reading combination, and his banner is still flung to the breeze, and he has evidently no intention of hauling it down or expectation of having it hauled down by others. In addition to legal proceedings in New Jersey against this combination, the Senate of this State saw fit to appoint a committee of its members to inquire into it. After much deferred hope, it finally gets Mr. McLEOD, a citizen of Pennsylvania, to appear before it. What was said and done there is interesting reading to the American citizen.

The Reading Company proposes, as shown by Mr. McLEOD's testimony, to eliminate all retail coal dealers in the city of New York, and the company will sell to consumers direct or through the medium of one agency. Later, the same course will be pursued for all the principal towns of the country. They have tried it at Rochester and think it works well. Accompanying the general statement of a plan, Mr. McLEOD argues as to the effect upon the consumers. He claims that instead of a retail dealer's profit of one dollar and a half per ton, there will be about seventy-five cents per ton profit, all told, and that prices will be about as they have been, and the four hundred million dollars invested in coal production will receive a reasonable return.

The report of the meeting reads: "For a few moments after Mr. McLEOD finished his statement not a word was spoken in the room. The boldness of the proposition by which the entire system of coal supply was to be changed almost took away the breaths of the committee, who gazed at each other in blank astonishment." Among other questions finally asked was: "Wouldn't it be a good thing to wipe out all the individual drygoods dealers, for instance, and, substitute one grand emporium instead?"

"I don't know anything about drygoods. I know it would be a good thing in coal," was the answer.

"But shouldn't you suppose it would be a good thing in drygoods, as well?"

"I guess it would. I see no reason to think otherwise."

Here is presented an issue and tendency of these times. Centralization of management cannot be avoided in railroads, telegraphs, electricity in various forms besides the telegraph, in the use of public streets for cars, gas, etc. Such centralization is nowhere in sight regarding drygoods and many other activities. The coal business is subject to it because the production of anthracite coal is on a limited area, and is controlled by the railroads reaching it. The control of the petroleum business and the packing and shipping of meat has been through railroads. It is for the people of this country to say, through their votes and representatives in legislative bodies, where the line shall be drawn between the management of these businesses by people working for a purely individual profit, and which places unexampled power in their hands, and a public management or oversight whose aim is to seek the general good. Successful action in the latter direction is not easy and immense advantages have already accrued to those who stand on the former ground. The issue, however, has to be met, or we forfeit the position we have occupied as a nation guaranteeing equal advantages to all. Shall private individuals, practically uncontrolled by public authority, have the right to use the public franchises of transportation to make unshared profit for themselves? This is the logic of Mr. McLEOD's position, and the country might well look at it, as did the committee before whom it was set forth, in "blank astonishment."

## THE YELLOW FLAG AS TRADEMARK.

THE oystermen of the Great South Bay will not be so relentless in their persistent remonstrance, now carried to the courts, against the use of Fire Island as a quarantine station, when they learn that the cholera scare over, and the place no longer needed as a refuge for passengers on sick-listed ships, will be the site in the near future of one of the finest Summer hotels in the world. As the property will not be needed for a quarantine, the protest of the citizens will be headed by the Legislature, which will decide not to take a transfer of the property from Governor FLOWER. A syndicate, already organized, will be ready to purchase the property from Governor FLOWER, whose munificent benefaction in securing the hotel for a refuge for the unhappy cabin passengers on the quarantined ships cannot be too highly appreciated. Of course no one could be expected, even after its fumigation, to patronize the old or present hotel, which, the result of various additions as needed, has never afforded first-class accommodations, but a new house, with all the modern improvements, will again attract the crowds which have for years sought the ocean breezes on Fire Island. Someone, the State or the steamship companies, will be charged for the injury to the property in a bill for the entertainment of the guests from the infected ships, and then the present hotel, with all its furniture, will be burned, effectively fumigating the spot.

It would not be surprising if the present proprietors of the Hoffman House would be the lessees of the new Fire Island Hotel. While the Great South Bay men claim that the use of the island as a quarantine station has ruined their oyster business this season, they should remember that the cholera scare did this before the lodgment of the passengers from the cholera-stricken ships. The oysters in the bay are planted in shallow water and intended for early consumption in the Fall, and the business has certainly been ruined for this season, as the popular consumption of bivalves in consequence of the cholera scare has declined to the extent that one Fulton Market firm has canceled all of its contracts for their supply; but by next Autumn this growth will be fine and marketable.

## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

WITH the passing of the Autumn "equinoctial" week begins the greatest series of public gatherings the United States ever knew, political mass meetings to the contrary notwithstanding. It consists of thousands of county fairs, each attracting more people and money than a circus or a hanging, and each worth a long visit from anyone who cares to study that very interesting character, the American farmer, and his no less interesting wife and family. Some newspapers poke a lot of fun at the fairs and their exhibits, at the mammoth pumpkins, ugly bedquills and "country Jakes," but fun can't change facts, and most of the facts which combine to make a county fair are highly creditable to the brawn and brain of the agricultural class. The farmer, with his fellow-workman, the mechanic, is at the very foundation of our national prosperity; sometimes he wishes he wasn't, for he takes tremendous risks, while as to work—well, when he hears of other men striking for an eight-hour day he wonders how he succeeds, as he does, in putting in sixteen hours out of every twenty-four during the busy season of the year, and doing so much on Sunday that he drops asleep as soon as he sits down in church. He gets very little recreation, and fre-



quently he has the misery of seeing his children leave home, as soon as they grow up, to seek amusement and variety in the nearest towns, but the farm and its mortgage have to be attended to. So he remains at home and plods along, reminding himself that if heaven is still a great way off there'll be a county fair within a year, when he may take a few days off, see all the folks and perhaps win a prize. And he takes life so bravely, too!

During the recent difficulty between North and South one of the guns of a field battery became so deeply mired in a soft road that the soldiers had to lift it out. The men who had enlisted in cities used frightful language as they muddled their hands and uniforms; but several farmer-soldiers made light of the work, and one of them said, when the gun was released: "Wasn't that just fun? When I used to get stuck in the mud, haulin' a lot of corn to town, I had to get out all alone or leave the wagon in the mud. You fellows don't know when you're well off." Then the city bluecoats set themselves to thinking.

A venerable shepherd of souls recently freed his mind, at a diocesan council in Western New York, about the newspapers, one of his charges being that the papers would give eight columns to a prize-fight and only a paragraph to a sermon. The statement was true regarding certain prize-fights and sermons, but the good man did not

The publication of the will of the poet Whittier brings to light so much money for a literary man to have possessed that there is danger of the new crop of poets being increased far beyond the demand. It is only fair, therefore, to remind ambitious versifiers that Whittier was a Quaker and a bachelor, so he had little to do with his income but save it and invest it.

When this paper reaches the hands of its readers there will be in full swing, in New York, the greatest practical exhibition of food products which the world has ever known. The largest public building in the city has been leased for a period of three weeks, and everyone who knows of good food material and how to prepare it has been invited to exhibit. Probably most of the exhibitors will be men who have something to sell, and who improve this opportunity to display their goods, but similar shows, on a smaller scale, have been so well attended as to prove that the public is interested in food further than to merely want three meals a day. With a nation yielding abundantly and cheaply every food staple, our people are yet in the dark as to how to get the most nutrition for the least money and to have variety without extravagance. All intelligent foreigners taunt us for having poor dishes at high prices—with having "a hundred religions but only one soup," not knowing that there are millions of

country. The biggest Chinese "ring" in the United States—the "Six Companies," of San Francisco—have recently warned the Chinamen among us not to comply with the requirements of the Geary law, and "John" will probably obey. For his sake it is to be regretted that he hasn't friends with brains enough to tell him that laws must be obeyed, no matter how unpopular they may be, and that "a nation within a nation" is contrary to the law of all civilized lands, and will be resisted by the entire strength, if necessary, of any nation which discovers it.

Once in awhile there appears a newspaper paragraph which compels a man to rub his eyes and pinch himself to make sure that he is awake. The most recent of the kind tells us that the late heir apparent of the king of Vey, an African potentate whose country, which joins Liberia, has become entitled to the throne through the death of his father. The young man received the news at Nashville, Tenn., where he has been attending college for two years! It is no new thing for Egyptian princes to be educated in Europe, but Egypt has for twenty centuries been as much European as African. To think that Vey, though a little country consisting principally of mountains, forests and savages, is to have a king who has been a college student in the United States, and has seen thousands of American citizens of African descent in possession of political rights, good homes, store clothes and plug hats, is truly startling. The world does move, and evidently there is suddenly to be a new American "sphere of influence" in the dark continent. JOHN HABBERTON



THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.

[Drawn from an Etching, by E. Flohri.]

seem to comprehend that quality counts for a great deal in the selection of newspaper topics. There have been eight-column sermons printed in newspapers; they were so notable of their kind that editors dared not cut them down. Even now the newspapers would give quite as much attention to sermons as to slugging matches if the sermons were the best efforts of the ablest preachers. Suppose, for instance, that two of the most prominent divines were to give three months to training for the greatest pulpit effort of their lives; would the newspapers leave out the sermons, no matter if they filled twice eight columns? Not they! The entire public, even to the fellows who attend prize-fights, would be consumed with curiosity, particularly were the sermons competitive, as fistic efforts are. If prize-fighters, like preachers, had to appear twice every Sunday, the newspapers would drop them entirely.

What a wealth of public spirit and local pride there is in some parts of the West! Chicago is a large town—so large that some Chicagoans affect to regard New York only as one of its suburbs. The inhabitants have numerous demands upon their time and money, yet at present they are actually paying eight or ten thousand dollars a week at the gates of the Exposition grounds just to see how the preparations for the great Fair are coming on. Nothing of the kind would have happened had New York been selected as the site for the Exposition; the only use of gates would have been to exclude mischievous boys and thievish tramps. Still, Chicagoans live at home and are interested in their city; most New Yorkers live in Brooklyn or in country towns and keep their local interest where they take their meals.

American families to whom even one soup would be a revelation.

It is an old saying that a man's heart is quickest reached by way of his stomach, but why should we forget that lovely woman also has a digestive apparatus which requires three square meals a day, if the heart is to remain in proper working condition? I chance to know of a picnic party which went out one day, not as cheerful as it might have been, for four of the men were in love with one young woman. They took turns at love-making, but when they reached their destination and learned that through some mistake the luncheon had been left behind, the girl, although well-born, highly educated and religious, was too cross to say a civil word to any of them. Suddenly the homeliest man of the four—he walked with a limp and wore green glasses—rose to the dignity of the occasion; he made a fire of brushwood, bought some eggs, flour and baking-powder from a farmer's wife, who also lent him two frying-pans, and within half an hour he had served omelet and hot biscuits. Before sunset he won the girl, and although they were married twenty-five years ago there are no premonitions of a divorce. 'Twas done so easily, too—the cooking as well as the marrying.

John Chinaman in the United States is usually a law-abiding resident. He has his vices, in which respect he does not differ from other immigrants, or even from natives, but so seldom does he beg, steal, murder or paint towns red that his name can scarcely be found on police court reports. The general dislike and suspicion in which he is held comes of his lack of any desire to become an American by adoption and his custom of submitting to the rule of self-appointed Chinese authorities in this

#### A BRAVE HEROINE.

"Half a Million Acres," an American historical romance, by Mr. Ausburn Towner, is a new departure in recent American fiction. The incidents of the narrative are based upon the history of the Empire State during the early pioneer days. The story is solid and substantial. It will live as long as the American people find time to study the beginnings of our national development. The heroine, "Sir Judith," is an enthusiast who founds a colony in the land of the Senecas in Central New York. Her portrait, the author assures us, is hanging to-day in the ancestral gallery of one of Gotham's first families not far from Central Park. "Half a Million Acres" goes with No. 26, Vol. IX., and No. 1, Vol. X.

#### THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

October 2—Sunday—

"Speak evil of no man."—Titus iii. 2.

October 3—Monday—"A very desperate habit is apologizing; one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcomings is from his apology."—O. W. Holmes.

October 4—Tuesday—

"Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less To make our fortune than our happiness."—Young.

October 5—Wednesday—

"Pity makes the world Soft to the weak and noble to the strong."—Sir Edwin Arnold.

October 6—Thursday—

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, And ask them what report they bore to heaven."—Young.

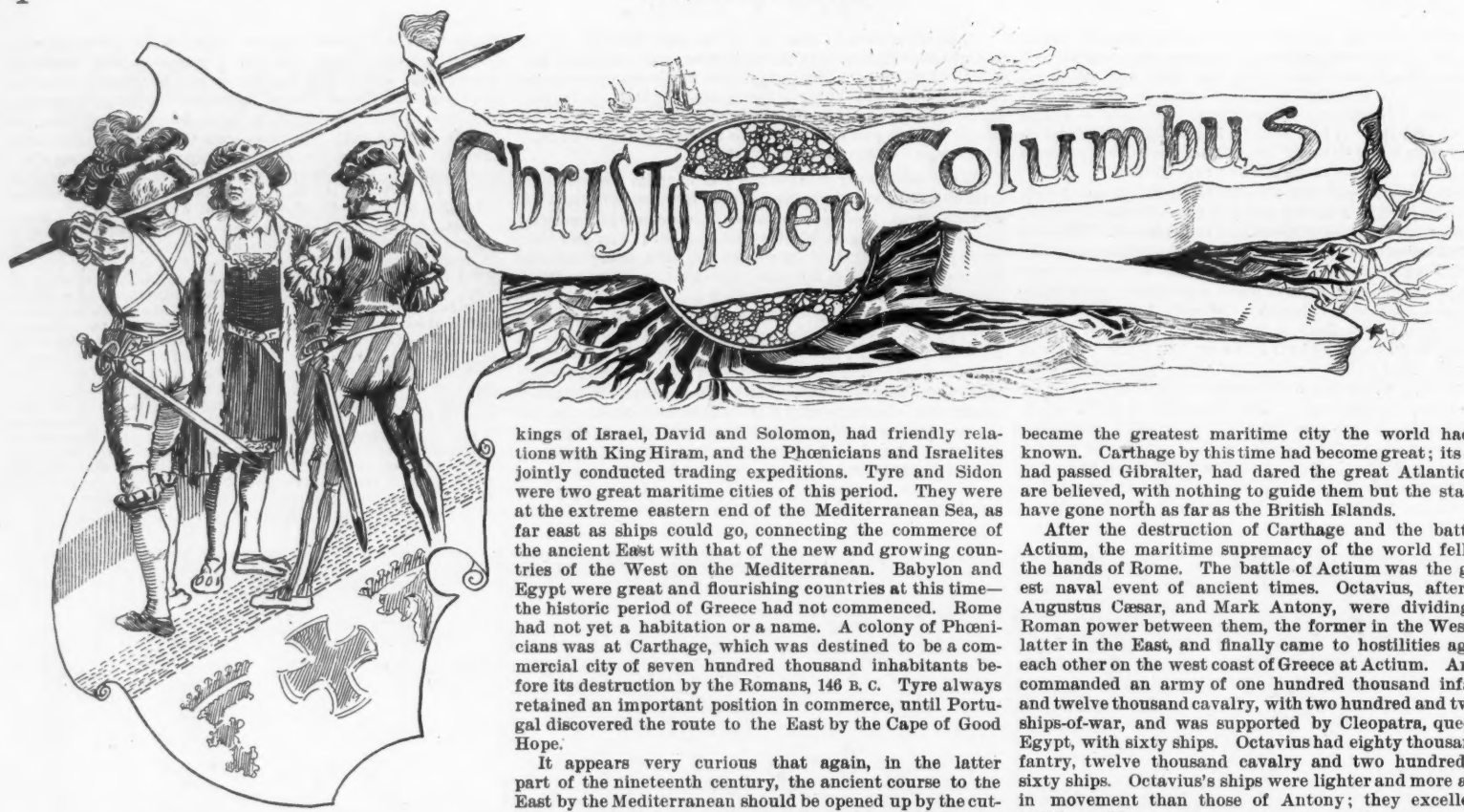
October 7—Friday—

"Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse."—Swift.

October 8—Saturday—

"We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats, But we still find a charm in his pleasant deceits."—O. W. Holmes.





THE CONQUEST OF THE SEA.

## I.

NAVIGATION had its greatest event in the discovery of America, and to bring this about there were necessary the mariner's compass and the genius and persistency of Columbus.

The first knowledge of the loadstone can be traced back among the Chinese to a thousand years before the time of Christ. They used it first to guide them in travel by land, and at the beginning of the Christian era they employed it to guide their vessels. But their knowledge of it, the same as their knowledge of gunpowder, also extending back into a remote past, had no far-reaching results. It was the European mind that was destined to start an extraordinary revolution in the world by the magnetic needle. It began to come into use generally in the fourteenth century, but no very considerable voyages were made by its use until the fifteenth century. In 1419 navigators went eight hundred miles west of Portugal and discovered the Azores. In 1441, the Cape Verde islands, two hundred miles west of the coast of Africa, were discovered. For two thousand years previously navigation had made but little advance. Sea-going was confined mostly to inland waters like the Mediterranean, and around this great body of water was focused the civilization of the world until the compass made the sea equally with the land the scene of human exploits.

Over six hundred years before the Christian era Necho, a king of Egypt, sent an expedition of Phœnicians in search of geographical knowledge down the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, and in the third year it had circumnavigated Africa and returned to Egypt by the Pillars of Hercules or the Strait of Gibraltar. There is no account of vessels going so far southward again until 1497—twenty-one hundred years after—when Portugal was active in exploring the west coast of Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by one of its navigators, who reached the Indian Ocean.

It has been said of the compass that its discovery gave birth to a new era in the history of commerce and navigation. By the use of this instrument the whole world has become one vast commercial commonwealth, the most distant inhabitants of the earth are brought together for their mutual advantage, ancient prejudices are obliterated and mankind is civilized and enlightened.

## II.

At the time of Columbus the world had not arrived at a definite conclusion that the earth was round, nor was it accepted finally as a fact until Magellan had circumnavigated it, the trip terminating in 1522. The sphericity of the earth had been debated more or less for two thousand years. Columbus believed the earth to be round, and on this he based his confidence that he could reach the East by traveling west. It was his insistence upon this theory that gave him the reputation of being a dreamer.

The opinion of the Church, generally, was that the earth was not round, although a few theologians during several hundred years had given assent to the belief. Tostatus was a celebrated theologian of the time of Columbus. He set forth the following syllogism, which had been maintained from the time of St. Augustine, a thousand years before: "The apostles were commanded to go into all the world and to preach the gospel to every creature; they did not go to any such part of the world as the antipodes; they did not preach the gospel to any creatures there—ergo, no antipodes exist."

## III.

In the ninth century before Christ, Hiram, king of Tyre, a city of Syria and of the Phœnicians, sent word to Solomon, who was building his temple, that he would send him cedars of Lebanon to Joppa in flotes. The

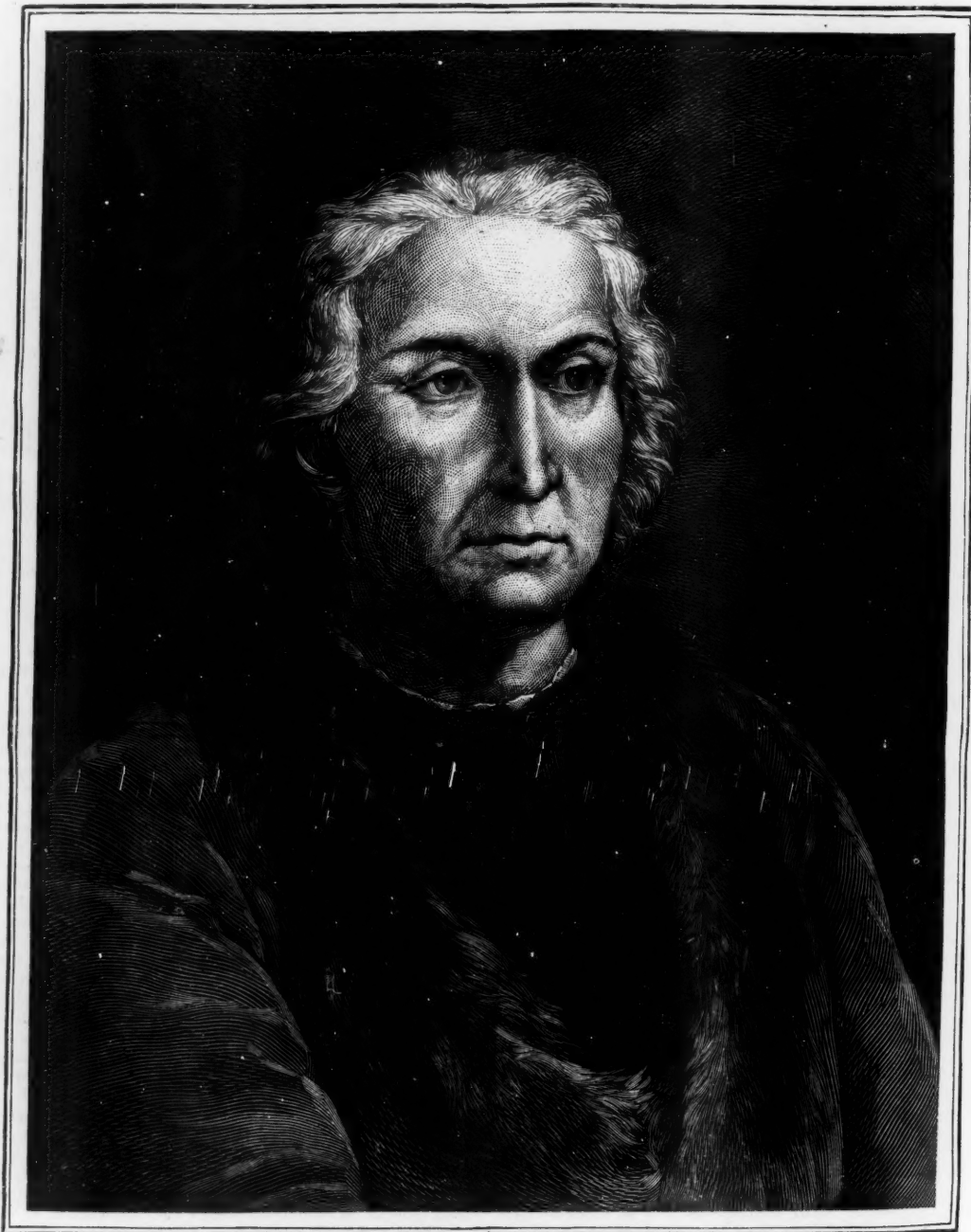
kingdoms of Israel, David and Solomon, had friendly relations with King Hiram, and the Phœnicians and Israelites jointly conducted trading expeditions. Tyre and Sidon were two great maritime cities of this period. They were at the extreme eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, as far east as ships could go, connecting the commerce of the ancient East with that of the new and growing countries of the West on the Mediterranean. Babylon and Egypt were great and flourishing countries at this time—the historic period of Greece had not commenced. Rome had not yet a habitation or a name. A colony of Phœnicians was at Carthage, which was destined to be a commercial city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants before its destruction by the Romans, 146 B. C. Tyre always retained an important position in commerce, until Portugal discovered the route to the East by the Cape of Good Hope.

It appears very curious that again, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the ancient course to the East by the Mediterranean should be opened up by the cutting through of the Suez Canal to the Red Sea and that the course by the Cape of Good Hope should be almost abandoned.

Tyre continued to be the leading maritime city of the world until it was captured by Alexander, 332 B. C., when its greatness was then transferred to Alexandria, which

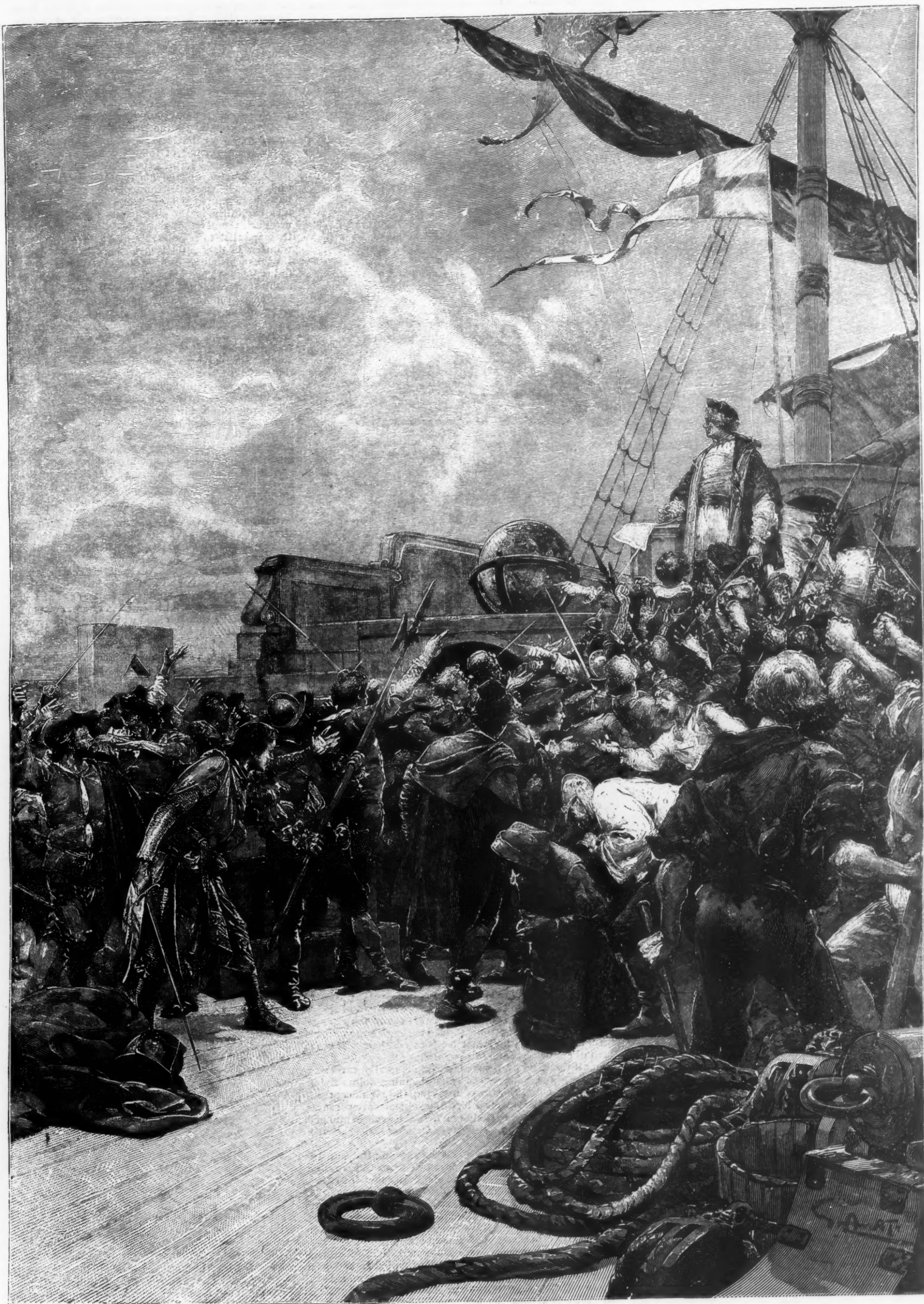
became the greatest maritime city the world had yet known. Carthage by this time had become great; its fleets had passed Gibraltar, had dared the great Atlantic, and are believed, with nothing to guide them but the stars, to have gone north as far as the British Islands.

After the destruction of Carthage and the battle of Actium, the maritime supremacy of the world fell into the hands of Rome. The battle of Actium was the greatest naval event of ancient times. Octavius, afterward Augustus Cæsar, and Mark Antony, were dividing the Roman power between them, the former in the West, the latter in the East, and finally came to hostilities against each other on the west coast of Greece at Actium. Antony commanded an army of one hundred thousand infantry and twelve thousand cavalry, with two hundred and twenty ships-of-war, and was supported by Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, with sixty ships. Octavius had eighty thousand infantry, twelve thousand cavalry and two hundred and sixty ships. Octavius's ships were lighter and more active in movement than those of Antony; they excelled in striking a blow against an enemy, a custom now revived after two thousand years of disuse, while the latter excelled in their engines for throwing missiles of war. The battle was determined by the ships of Octavius breaking through the line of Antony's vessels, carrying panic to those of Cleopatra in the rear. She sailed away and Antony reek-



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.  
[From a Painting in the Marine Museum at Madrid.]





THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.  
THE MUTINY ON BOARD COLUMBUS'S SHIP.



lessly followed her with a few of his ships. Antony's army surrendered to Octavius without an engagement. With the mastery of land and sea, Rome, under Augustus, obtained its greatest prosperity.

The ships in use prior to and during the Roman supremacy were mostly galleys. Before the battle of Actium there were tiers of oars; but later the tendency was to construct the boats with a single bank of oars on a side, with two in the rear for steering. That they were of small draft is shown from the fact that they were beached in Winter. Sailing boats were not unknown,

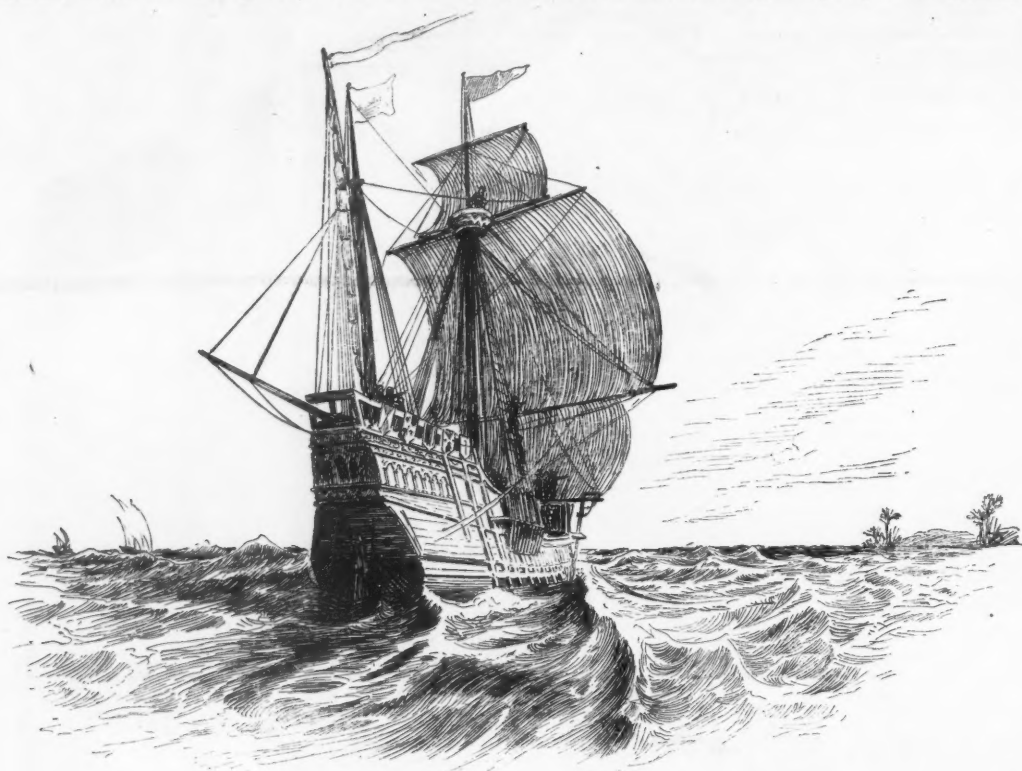
people of any nation that has existed. Since William of Normandy established a foothold at the Battle of Hastings (in 1066), no foreign foe has reached British soil with hostile intent.

In 1588, Philip II., the most powerful monarch of Europe, and including within his dominions Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands and still other countries of Europe, and Mexico and Peru of the New World, sent his Invincible Armada to conquer England. Terror and consternation seized all ranks of the English people, but this did not prevent them from sending thirty ships of inferior size to

to accomplish this, even with those enterprising monarchs, and it was only after following them about their country as they fought their final battles with the Moors that his pertinacity and determination finally drew from them the necessary orders and powers. And, even then, it had taken from April to August to effect the carrying out of his plans in Spain, so obstinate was the opposition he encountered, so impracticable the agencies with which he was forced to deal.

Palos had been appointed as the place of embarkation, and Palos was a narrow-minded and obstinate town, peopled by men of the sea mostly, who were, moreover, deeply saturated with the superstition of the age, besides being greedy for the largest possible gain with the smallest possible amount of toil, privation or danger. If Columbus had not had the good fortune to fall in with Martin Alonso Pinyon and his two brothers, the enormous difficulties with which he contended would doubtless have been multiplied manifold. The Pinyons were, in fact, capitalists in the enterprise; a good deal as Johannes Fust, the jeweler and goldsmith of Mentz, had been the capitalist to set up Gutenberg and Schoeffer in the printing business, thirty-five years before. It was the Pinyons who induced the town of Palos to turn over to Columbus the good old ship *La Gallega*, which the great admiral rechristened *La Santa Maria*, and which we have seen dropping anchor off the island of Guanahani, and it was one of the Pinyons who contributed the *Niña*, a small caravel, a lightly constructed vessel, clinker-built and rigged like a galley. The *Pinta*, another caravel, was summarily seized by order of the king and queen. Having secured his vessels, it might have been thought that all after would be smooth sailing for Columbus, at least so far as the preliminaries were concerned; but such was by no means to be the case. The attempt to man his ships proved to be almost as difficult a task as any he had met. And this was hardly to be wondered at, when one considers the circumstances of the case and the superstitions and timorous nature of sailors whose voyages had hitherto been made on known waters, mainly coasting, and to whom the adventure of Columbus into the unknown ocean seemed not only foolhardy, but actually sinful.

It is to be borne in mind that Columbus himself had no idea of discovering a new continent. What he was after was a new route to the Indies, and to that far "Cathay," of which Marco Polo had told such extraordinary tales two centuries before. Cathay was Chinese Tartary, where Polo had resided for nearly twenty-five years and where he had become a favorite of the grand khan; and so when Columbus sailed from Palos, he bore with him a letter of introduction from Ferdinand and Isabella to the grand khan, whom he fully expected to meet. Columbus, in accepting the fact that the earth was round, easily came to the conclusion that if he sailed west far enough he would reach the land which he knew lay to the eastward; he only failed to take into consider-



THE "SANTA MARIA" SIGHTING LAND.

but the skill of the mariners was not great in steering against the wind.

#### IV.

For a thousand years of the Christian era there was no distinguishing event to mark the course of those that "go down to the sea in ships." Venice then became mistress of the seas. Tyre, whose greatness had revived, fell before its conquering sails. Constantinople at times was in its hands. It became the basis of efforts by sea to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel. Millions of people, men, women and children, poured out of their homes in Europe during the two hundred years of the Crusades with this in view. Her marble palaces were erected from her commercial wealth, and still stand, monuments of her four hundred years' supremacy.

The Crusades are said by Guizot to have given maritime commerce the strongest impulse it ever received. They brought the people of Europe in contact with the civilization of Greece and other Eastern countries, and, while these relations were first war-like, they were afterward sympathetic and commercial. "A step was taken toward the enfranchisement of the human mind."

#### V.

Spain and Portugal assumed their historical relation toward the navigation of the sea soon after the mariner's compass came into use. The people of those countries and the Britons, the Danes and Norsemen were educated in a severer school of seamanship than the peoples who lived upon the Mediterranean. The hardy seamen of the North, without the use of the compass, had reached Iceland, Greenland and Newfoundland, and in all likelihood Massachusetts; but in the two latter countries they had founded no permanent colonies and brought from them no records that added to the world's store of knowledge.

Gunpowder came into general use in the European wars of the fourteenth century, and the cannon required by it necessitated much larger ships for transportation than those in use before its introduction. In 1533, Richard II., at the siege of St. Malo, in France, had four hundred of these instruments of death. With larger ships, with the compass and with sailors used to the Atlantic, progress in navigation became very rapid.

The discovery of the variation of the magnetic needle was made by Columbus on his first voyage to America, thereby adding to the security of navigation. Before 1514 longitude could be computed by an instrument that determined the angle between the moon and a fixed star. Early in the sixteenth century tables of declination and ascension became common. Textbooks were multiplied, teaching navigation systematically. The advances made during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in mathematics, in the measurement of time, in astronomical discoveries, in the use of charts, all tended greatly to giving to man that mastery of the sea that is one of the greatest triumphs of his intelligence.

#### VI.

It is part of the history of the Middle Ages and of modern times that the people of the British Islands have been free from the foreign invader and have with less interruption pursued the avocations of peace than the

fight one hundred and thirty. The latter presented a line of battle of seven miles, which was attacked by the broadsides of Queen Elizabeth's vessels. The English ships eluded too close quarters, but parried and pursued the enemy. With greater courage and dexterity on the part of the English, and with more manageable vessels, and with tempests favoring them, the Armada was scattered and destroyed and only fifty-three vessels returned to Spain.

Under Nelson the English navy reached its supremacy, established England on its road to its commercial greatness and kept back the tide of the Napoleonic armies that elsewhere devastated the soil of Europe.

Then came the marine steam engine, but its success has been so equivocal that some other method of propulsion is certain to supplant it before many years go by.

#### VII.

The advance of this age in navigation is under the eye of every man. No imagination had anticipated its comfort, its luxury, its security; the interchange of commodities and peoples of the different parts of the earth; the growing homogeneity of the human race.

Columbus is the hero of navigation: he draws equally upon our emotions and our respect.

His great act cannot be superseded by any that is greater—his fame is secured in the annals of the sea.

In celebrating him and the event for which he stands, we celebrate, ourselves, the power and mastery of man.

#### HOW COLUMBUS CAME TO LAND.

The picture of the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and *Niña*, the small fleet of Columbus, drawing near to the strange land whose stranger people stood on the shore awaiting them, is one which no American can consider without a thrill of admiration and of marveling.

In all the glory of tropical sunshine, gently careering over the blue water with sails gleaming, colors flying and the symbol of the Cross marking the significance of the event, the three weird, bird-like objects drew nearer to the beach; then the chains rattled, the anchors plunged to the sand below and the event of October 12, 1492, was an accomplished fact.

Sixty-nine days had elapsed since the admiral and his squadron had sailed out of Palos; but from this number must be taken the twenty-five days during which they were delayed at the Canary Islands completing their outfit, so that they had been forty-four days on their eventful voyage between the sailing from Palos, Spain, on August 3d, and the landing on Guanahani, or Watling's Island (as is generally conceded), on October 12th.

Columbus was now well advanced in life—nearly sixty—and for almost a third of that period he had been hanging about the courts of the European monarchs, cap in hand, trying to awaken sufficient interest in his enterprise to insure the fitting out of the small expedition he demanded. Deceived, baffled, discomfited, as he sought in England, France, Italy to achieve his purpose, he had at last found in Ferdinand, the Catholic, and Isabella of Castile the instruments through whom he was to attain success. Yet it had taken seven years



THE COLUMBUS HOUSE, GENOA, ITALY.

ation the Western Continent—fortunately for his posterity and particularly the American people.

But, besides vague geographical ideas with regard to unexplored regions, the sailors of Palos—like others of that period—held the most alarming notions and suspicions concerning what they did not understand. The most perplexing and exciting legends had been circulated in European seaports regarding the mysteries of the unknown ocean by mariners of an imaginative disposition,



who had been blown to the south or west of the Canary Islands, and had found great difficulty in making port again. They brought back stories of fearful tempests, of horrible monsters of the deep, of mermaids and enchanted islands, and countries that appeared before the lost ship luring her to destruction, and vanishing when the longed-for haven seemed to be close at hand. This was the mirage, of which ghostly specimens were seen from the Canaries, and formed the burden of many a lurid tale. Not unnaturally, the seamen of Palos were not eager to join the Genoese adventurer in his voyage of uncertainty, and, as a matter of fact, they held aloof from his vessels. It required long and hard work to persuade the sailors who chanced to be in port at Palos to join Columbus, and only the most liberal promises for the future, besides generous payment for services, and at last the peremptory demands of the agents of Ferdinand and Isabella, accomplished this end. And after all, when the men had consented to go, and the voyage had been begun, they tried every species of maneuver to bring it to an untimely end. They fixed the rudder of the *Pinta* so that it was unmanageable, with the idea that this would cause Columbus to turn back. Somehow, they managed to inform the Portuguese of the designs of Columbus, and Portuguese vessels waited at the Canaries to intercept him, but he escaped them. They even tried changing the course of the *Santa Maria*, which led the fleet, in order to deter Columbus from proceeding on his course. Some of these sailors declared, in the vein of the ancients, that the sun when it set in the west went down into the ocean and became extinguished, heating the water as it sunk out of sight. They swore that one part of the ocean could not be passed by ships on account of the heat being so great as to melt the pitch out of their sides, while their sailors would be roasted beyond endurance. According to these gloomy prophets, wandering lights would encompass their ill-fated barks, tempting the steersman to sure destruction. And so, from the very beginning of his voyage, Columbus was met by every possible portent that the most vivid imagination could devise or memory recall from the fables of the past—all with the design of making him turn back, and so put an end, once for all, to every possibility of engaging in such an expedition in the future.

The variation of the compass was used by these alarmists with dire effect upon the crews; but here the knowledge and tact of the admiral came in play, and he made such a simple and conclusive explanation of this phenomenon that it could not but be accepted. The "Sargasso Sea," that wonderful tract of floating sea-weed in mid-ocean, was, according to the frightened sailors, the abiding-place of terrible creatures that could swallow a caravel at a mouthful—if the sea-weed itself did not hold the vessels in its clutches until all on board died miserable deaths, while the ships slowly rotted to skeletons. As a matter of fact the vessels of Columbus encountered and passed safely through this weed, which was so thick that it was believed to be an island. This was after they were two weeks out from the Canaries. Excepting this, none of the monstrous conceits of the superstitious seamen ever materialized, and the voyage was one of tranquil days and brilliant, starry nights, without a single storm to make it eventful. By the happiest of good fortune the vessels of Columbus sailed freely over calm seas, favored by the trade-winds. Tropic birds flew about them, and a pelican lit on the *Santa Maria*. Singing birds flew on board, a turtle was seen, there were more pelicans, and live crabs and cuttle-fish were found nestling among the

on five hundred and eighty-four leagues from the Canaries; meanwhile Columbus kept his own private reckoning, which was seven hundred and one leagues. It was for his interest to pretend that they were not making as much as they were. During the first week in October many flying-fish came on board; there was much weed seen floating, and on the 7th there was another false alarm of land, this time on board the *Niña*. On the 9th birds were heard about the ships all night, and the crew, so often deceived by false appearances, on the morrow became mutinous, and complained in violent terms of the length of the voyage. As had been the case throughout the trip, Columbus, calm and imperturbable, succeeded in quieting them. He reminded them of the great reward that would be theirs if they succeeded in their quest; he ridiculed their fears; finally he told them that "They might complain: he had come to discover India, and he should persevere until he found it, with the help of the Lord."

Here it is fitting to remark upon the extraordinary piety of Columbus. Indeed, from the very inception of his undertaking, he had followed it with the belief that he was divinely ordained for the purpose, and he pursued it for the good of religion and the Church. The idea of converting whatever race he might meet with to the Holy Catholic Church had been one of his strongest arguments with their Catholic majesties. His ships had been blessed by the good friar Juan Perez de Marchena, of the monastery of La Rabida, as they sailed out of the port of Palos.

Throughout his entire career Columbus was notable among all explorers and navigators for the religious character that he gave to his work, and for his habit of prayer and thanksgiving in all circumstances and conditions. On October 11th there was rather a heavy sea on. A green branch floated past the *Santa Maria*, and on board the *Pinta* the men picked up a small carved stick, which seemed to have been ornamented by means of some metallic tool. Here were signs both of land and of humanity, and the men grew elated.

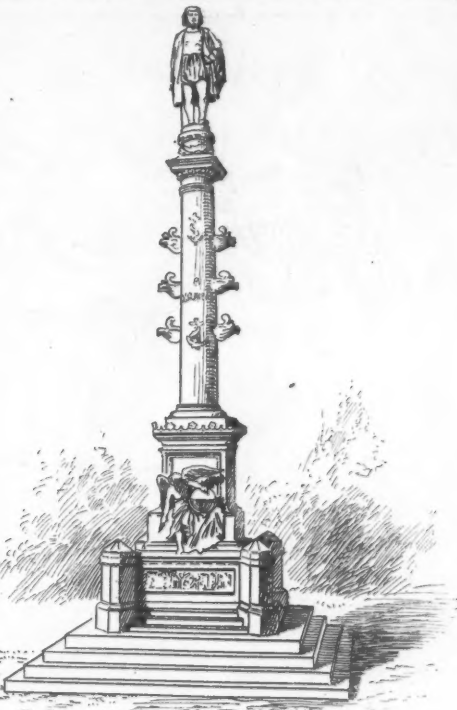
The *Pinta* sailed the fastest, and was ahead of the admiral, and presently land was descried from her deck, whereupon, according to an understanding, her flag was hoisted, and she fired a gun. At two in the morning of October 12th land was plainly seen at about two leagues distance. The ships shortened sail and laid to, awaiting daylight, when it was seen that they were abreast of a small island—and the marvelous undertaking of Columbus was happily concluded.

It may well have been that, as has been related, the crew of the admiral flung themselves passionately at the feet of Columbus and implored his pardon for their doubts and repining. As for himself, it is certain that he was as modest in the moment of victory as he had been dauntless and confident through the long days when all about him despaired. Then came the ceremony of landing upon the new-found country. The island, covered thick with trees and tropical verdure, sloped down to the coral reef and the beach along its edge, where were gathered, quickly as daylight brightened, the scene—groups of natives entirely naked, who gazed in wonder and half in fear at the strange floating creatures with wings flapping white in the breeze that lay just outside the reef. Presently boats put forth filled with men in strange and gaudy dress, and these were rowed quickly to the shore. The boats reassured the trembling natives—they were something of the same species as their own rude dugouts. The admiral's boat bore aloft the royal standard of Castile and Leon, and each of his captains had a flag, having a green cross on the field between the letters F and Y (Ferdinand-Isabella), with a crown over each letter. Planting his standard on the shore, Columbus summoned about him the two captains of the *Pinta* and *Niña*, the secretary to the expedition and other officers, and called upon them to bear witness that he took formal possession of the island in the names and for the benefit of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. Then the simple people—natives—gathered about this memorable group, and soon by signs they were able to communicate with each other.

Columbus found that the island was named, in the language of the natives, Guanahani. He named it San Salvador. His first impressions of the natives were strongly in their favor, and he never changed as to this. They were gentle, generous, faithful and obliging. Had succeeding adventurers treated them as did Columbus, they would never have lost these characteristics. The contrary was the case, the Spaniards abusing their confidence and maltreating them, and they became suspicious, revengeful and bloodthirsty. Their island and those explored by Columbus at a later period seemed to him and his followers a veritable paradise. Splendid foliage, brilliant and highly perfumed flowers, many varieties of beautiful birds, all combined to make this a true fairyland. The natives swam to the boats and rambled over the ships. They brought out in their canoes parrots, balls of cotton thread, spears and other simple products of articles of their own make, and eagerly traded these things for glass beads and hawks' bills, brass coins and other trifles.

Thus the most momentous occurrence since the Crusade—unless it were the discovery of printing—took place, after a perfectly safe and exceedingly monotonous voyage of six weeks, in the simplest and most unconventional fashion imaginable. "To Castile and Leon Columbus had given a new world"—and a handful of wondering savages were the only witnesses to the sublime act beside those who participated in it. Looking back upon this scene from a perspective of four centuries, it seems incredible in its lack of ostentation and ceremonial. Indeed, there is something almost sublime in the tranquillity which marked this wonderful adventure, whose outcome was to be the changing of the entire existence of all humanity. Two months spent amid favoring winds and seas, the flight of birds, the passing by of ocean weeds, and then—AMERICA! To no other such voyage was there ever vouchsafed such a conclusion. Not all of the world

that has been discovered and freshly peopled since Phœnicia first began to colonize has ever shown such magnificent results from such immaterial causes. Rome and Greece and Carthage pass away into obscurity, and, save through their arts, are forgotten in the vast propulsion given to Time itself by the almost supernatural accomplishment of the Genoese mariner. In all history and all legends but two vessels—the Ark of Noah and the *May*



COLUMBUS STATUE TO BE ERECTED AT CENTRAL PARK PLAZA.

*flower*—are held in remembrance, besides the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*. No other human being—unless it be Shakespeare—is so established in the minds of all men as is Christopher Columbus. And yet America had been discovered five centuries before Columbus made his initial voyage—and he never discovered the continent. His name has never been given to what he found, or led up to. After all, it was only rediscovered—and was, doubtless, thickly populated tens of thousands of years ago. As was the case with Shakespeare, the birth and early life of Columbus are shrouded in mystery. Yet, notwithstanding all this—and the whole subject is fraught with paradox—it remains that the character and the acts of Christopher Columbus are without parallel in the history of the human race.

HE—"My income is small, and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof."  
SHE—"I don't live on the roof."

ALGERNON—"Tommy, do you think your sister will marry me?"

TOMMY—"Yes. She'd marry almost anybody, from what she said to ma."

#### AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

PROFESSIONAL traders, and they are the bulk of the people doing business in Wall Street at this time, have learned to be less frightened over cholera matters than they were prone to be when the disease first reached these shores. Their courage is due in great degree to the success which the health officials have had in controlling the outbreak not only at Quarantine, but in this city.

The stock market has had a partial recovery, but less than half the losses have been wiped out. A little figuring here may make interesting reading. Taking the twenty-one active stocks as a basis to work on, a careful comparison shows that their average decline was six points. The capital stock of these twenty-one roads is in round numbers \$1,033,000,000, and six per cent. on that equals no less a sum than \$61,980,000. In other words, this cholera scare, which people call senseless, in less than three weeks caused a loss of \$62,000,000 to the owners of twenty-one roads. Other stocks not included in the active list lost also, although there may have been no actual sales.

"Poor's Manual" tells us that the capital stock of the railways of the United States on December 31, 1891, was \$4,800,176,651, so that if the decline in values was proportionate, which, of course, it was not, the scare cost the country in book values of stocks alone very nearly \$250,000,000. The debt of these roads, represented by bonds and other securities, was on the same date over \$6,000,000,000. The decrease in the nominal value of this was undoubtedly considerably less than in the case of stocks, but it was still very material. The exact loss is not so readily figured out as in the case of the twenty-one properties referred to, but to statistical students the figures I have quoted will afford food for reflection.

The improvement which followed the scare might have been more pronounced if uneasiness had not arisen over the position of the Northern Pacific property. The company is said to be in distress, and there are well authenticated stories that it has been paying heavy commissions in addition to the full legal rates of interest for the carrying of its floating debt. Moreover, insiders have been selling stock and the feeling as to the future of the company is very uncertain. The foreign exchange market has weakened and we are not likely to see any more gold go abroad for some time to come. Our source of strength to the market is its heavily oversold condition, the covering of short contracts aiding the tendency to advance. The industrials have been less active, although Whisky Trust stock has been dealt in considerably at advancing figures.

MIDAS.

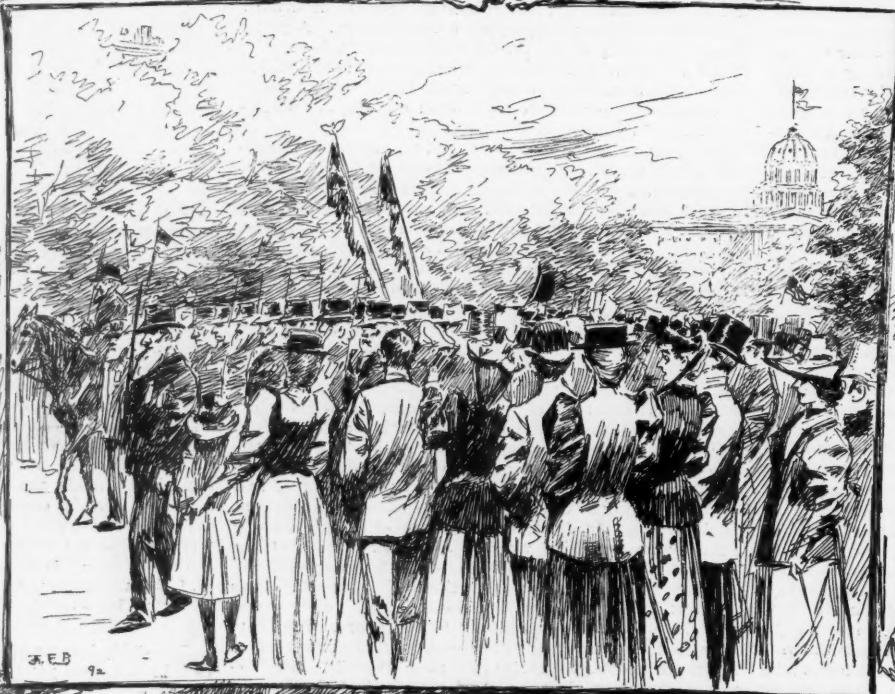
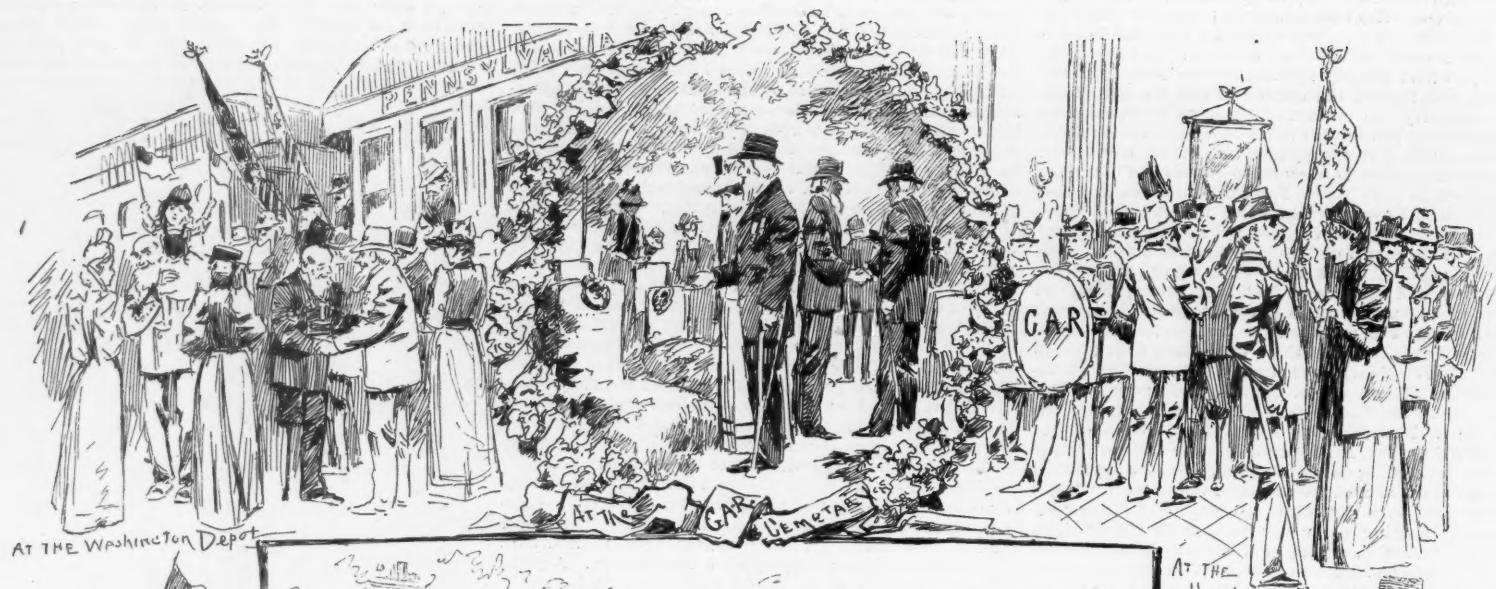


THE CHICAGO STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

floating sea-weeds. Nothing could be more prepossessing than their first view of the great ocean waste over which they were flying—yet the crew always murmured. When there was no sea, they complained that it was uncanny and they would never succeed in returning. When a swell arose, it scared them. A great reward had been promised to the one who should first see land, and on September 25th the cry of "Land, ho!" arose from the *Pinta*, and all the crews fell on their knees and repeated the Gloria in Excelsis. It proved, however, to be only a bank of clouds.

The pilots of the different vessels kept their reckoning of the distance traveled, and, on October 1st, they agreed





THE GRAND ARMY REUNION, WASHINGTON, SEPTEMBER 20TH TO 22ND.





THE FOURTH CENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.  
COLUMBUS CONVEYED TO SPAIN IN CHAINS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELE ANTONIO.





## WHAT WILL BE WORN.

TRAINED walking costumes will not be worn. Do not have any street gowns made with trains; these are shortly going out of fashion. Simulated under-petticoats of some contrasting material will certainly be displayed either in the front or at the sides of skirts, which will otherwise be cut much in the same manner as before. The Directoire styles with large revers will, with full-basques bodices and coats, usurp popular attention. Full basques are unquestionably becoming to women of stout figure, and the short bodices and wide belts are becoming to those of slim build. The short elbow-sleeve makes way slowly. Leather will be greatly used for waistcoats and as a trimming for tailor-made gowns. An exceedingly smart gown is of gendarme-blue serge, with open jacket to match and a double-breasted waistcoat of antelope skin. Revers of leather will be seen on coats. Louis Quinze coats will again be seen for serges, tweeds and corduroys. The Zouave bodice is likely to remain in vogue, as it admits of the display of wide, handsome silk or velvet sleeves and a pretty sash. The Eton jacket is quite out of date. In the matter of outer jackets advice is given not to buy a cape, but a jacket with a half-fitting back and straight, loose fronts. An admirable traveling ulster is shown this week.



TRAVELING ULSTER.

It may be made of brown mixed tweed with leather straps and pocket trimmings, or of dark-blue serge. The triple cape is lined with silk of contrasting hue. Black alpaca is also used for traveling cloaks. The writer was shown one, designed to completely cover the gown. The fronts, which were double-breasted and semi-fitting, with two rows of large, smoked pearl buttons, could be worn open or closed at the throat; the sleeves were very full from the shoulders to the elbows and tight to the wrist, and the back was of the old-fashioned ulster kind, drawn in to the waist beneath a belt, which extended only from one side seam to the other—a comfortable and graceful garment. Military suggestions are marked in Fall fashions. Braid and frogs will be greatly affected. The patrol jacket is of the roughest possible cloth, in shape something akin to the Eton jacket and lavishly trimmed with braid and frogs. A costume of brown and tan tweed, irregularly flecked with black, has on the bodice a broad plastron of tan-colored cloth, braided across, Hussar-fashion, in black braid. The hem of the skirt is trimmed with a band of tan cloth, striped with lines of the black braid; the sleeves have cuffs braided to match the front, and around the waist, buckling in front, is a belt of tan leather.

There is no abatement of the mania for trimming all sorts of gowns with black. Black ribbons, satin, moiré and velvet, black lace and jet are introduced on all sorts of colored gowns. Pink, yellow, pale-blue, green and scarlet evening gowns have a dash of black as an audacious contrast. Black lisse trims many light colors. Transparent black net is also used for the sleeves and yokes of dinner and evening gowns.

## A FANCIFUL BODICE.

FANCIFUL bodices grow more and more elaborate. Many are of accordion-plaited crêpe de Chine, fitted into yoke-pieces of Eastern embroidery; others are tucked and striped with gold and silver galon, and others again are of shot and spotted surah with lace insertion. The chief advantage of the dainty and fanciful bodice lies in the fact that it glorifies and sublimates an old skirt. The eye of the beholder is so dazzled by the laces, frills and ribbons that any little deficiencies in the skirt are quite overlooked. A charming novelty in this line is shown in the illustration. This bodice is formed simply of two long-shaped scarfs coming from beneath each arm and the shoulder, to cross and recross round the figure. It is guiltless of bone or lining and terminates at one side with a bow of ribbon, while round the open neck fall deep frills of lace, and the full sleeves to the elbow are edged with a deep flounce of lace. The bodice may be made of any pale-toned surah, and on a slender, graceful woman is simply enchanting.



A FANCIFUL BODICE.

A FRENCH VISITING GOWN. A FRENCH woman will take the simplest of materials and by a cunning twist of ribbon or an artistic manipulation of lace produce the most charming effect. A good example is shown in the accompanying illustration of a visiting gown. It is made in Princess style of pale silver-gray silk. Over it falls a full dress of black Russian net, while at the neck is a yoke-piece formed of a trelis of violet velvet ribbon studded at the corners with jet. Round the shoulders falls a scalloped frill of the net; the sleeves are of violet velvet, and velvet ribbons are brought round the figure across the bust and then about the waist and tied in front. Long black gloves are worn and the picturesque hat is of gray straw trimmed with violet velvet and black feathers.



FRENCH VISITING GOWN.

are both used for the shakedown frills which edge the necks of low bodices. Empire styles combine a short waist and a sleeve formed of one large puff, set in a band and widening at the shoulder.

Lace flounces of all kinds are freely employed. Chenille is introduced on seams and hems. Violet and red is a new Parisian combination for evening gowns, scarcely to be recommended. Shot bengaline makes the most charming of dinner and evening gowns; as a rule, it is shot with three or four different colors. An exquisite evening gown of bengaline, shot with the colors of the opal, is shown in the accompanying design. The full bodice is cut round at the back and front, and bound round the figure with a twist of heliotrope and pink shot velvet; the sleeves are entirely of the velvet, a fold of the same comes next the neck, and the hem of the skirt is finished with two bands of velvet tied here and there into bows.

If there is a wedding gown of ivory-silk or satin to be made over and freshened for the Winter season, treat it in this fashion. Have a full ruche at the bottom of the skirt. Put in huge puffed sleeves of the faintest rose-pink velvet. Ornament the low, round bodice with a cape of lace over pink velvet, and have a sash of the velvet tied behind. One cannot imagine a daintier, prettier evening gown.

## FANCIES AND FOLLIES.

THERE are many new belts, such as a corselet of kid buckled on the shoulders; or black satin, outlined with jet, fitted to the figure.

Irish frieze makes a rough riding habit. It wears everlastingly, and can be had in checks and stripes. Stockings made entirely of lace, save sole, heel and toe, are the latest for wear with patent leather shoes.

Feminine vanity has discovered the possibilities of cassock and surplice. Young women who swell the choir at St. James's, Westmoreland street, London, have adopted these robes, with the mortar-board to crown their curls and braids.

Modern needlework comprises embroidery on silk and gauze, dainty enough for a Titania's robe. A revival of the old crape flowerwork is used for handkerchief cases, white flowers being raised in crape upon ground of delicate green silk.

A recent bride had a picturesque train of five little pages, all in white silk Directoire suits, with old paste buttons on their coats, lace jabots, three-cornered white felt hats, white silk stockings and white shoes with paste buckles. The two who walked first carried the train.

## HOW TO DRESS THE HAND AND ARM.

If one has a beautiful hand and arm, one can brave any style of dress or ornament. Unfortunately, however, beautiful hands and arms are rare. Very few women think to study what best becomes the hand, wrist and arm. Rings on any but the third finger aggravate the breadth. The fashion of wearing a ring on the little finger increases the breadth. A ring on the first finger is vulgar and provincial. Bony hands should shun rings of all kinds. Pearls look well on a soft, plump, white hand. So do turquoises. Red hands should beware of these stones as well as diamonds, but may select old signet rings, black pearls, sapphires, onyx, antique intagli and lapis lazuli. Ill-formed finger-nails should never be



EVENING GOWN.

polished, for, while almond-shaped nails are fascinating when glowing from the manicure's polish, square, unshapely nails are thus rendered more prominent. Broad, white cuffs should be avoided by women with large hands. When at an evening function one looks around and sees the frightful arms ruthlessly exposed, one is tempted to inveigh against evening dress. Fat, shapely arms are often ruined by redness which might be obviated by greater attention to space in armhole and waist. Then again the Turkish bath might be recommended for unnatural redness. Where elbows and wrist-bones are lamentably prominent, ruffles and cascades of lace should be brought into requisition. Chiffon and tulle are invaluable to the scraggy arm. The accordion-plaited or puffed sleeve is a boon to the bony. If the lean and scraggy women could but learn that men are not over-rejoiced at the exhibition of their bones, a great stride would be taken in the direction of artistic dress. Plump women should be careful of warm hues and violent contrasts. A stout woman looks bigger than ever in a white evening gown. Black is really the best thing for a superabundance of flesh, but the neutral tints are not objectionable.

## THE ERA OF WOMEN.

THE recent national convention of homeopathic physicians in Washington City disregarded previous prejudices against women in the medical profession and elected a woman doctor as vice-president of their national organization. Dr. Millie J. Chapman, who was thus honored, is a resident of Pittsburg, Pa., and is a cultured, charming lady, who combines the qualities requisite to a successful



DR. MILLIE J. CHAPMAN.

career in the practice of medicine. These are sympathy and kindness, unerring judgment, industrious spirit and perseverance.

She had a happy early childhood; but reverses came to the family, and at the age of ten she was not handicapped by that wealth which might have prevented the development of the resources within her. From that age she has been self-supporting. Her education was obtained at the public schools and at a State normal school, supplemented by private studies purloined from the hours of sleep.

She taught school twelve years and was recognized as an efficient instructor, beginning when "boarding around" was the custom and five dollars per month the munificent salary, gradually advancing to schools where higher attainments insured greater compensation. She studied medicine at the Homeopathic Hospital College of Cleveland, O., from which she was graduated in 1874. She at once established herself at Pittsburg, Pa., and, although lady doctors were something strange in those days, she soon conquered popular prejudice and built up a successful practice, particularly among women and children. She is attending physician at the Children's Temporary Home and visiting physician at the Pittsburg Homeopathic Hospital. She is also president of the Alleghany County Homeopathic Medical Society.

## GOOD GROOMING

Has done more to win a race and keep a PRETTY FACE than any known thing.

**Oily Sallow Skin** After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

**Wrinkles** A lady sixty years old has succeeded in removing the wrinkles from her neck, and many other ladies have caused them to disappear from their faces by using our Complexion Brush regularly.

**Development** A handsome neck is one of the principal points of beauty in woman. A lady tells us of a friend who has developed a thin, spare neck to one of roundness and beauty by the regular use of our Complexion Brush.

**For Bathing** It will be found old and young. THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH by their compact arrangement remove the dead cuticle and increase the circulation wonderfully.

The above is what Ladies tell us Bailey's Rubber

## COMPLEXION BRUSH

has done for them and it will do as much for you.

The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.





"PURITANIA"—FINALE OF ACT I.—"FAREWELL; I GO."

## FUN GONE MAD.



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS has appeared, having passed through the ordeals of the tempest, the cholera and the mob at Fire Island. The Standard Theater was crowded as it seldom has been. Miss Collins made such a tremendous success in her American debut as to leave no doubt that we shall go wild over her, too. There is hardly ever a Winter in New York without some such craziness, and this time it will be about

Lottie Collins. It was ten o'clock, lacking five minutes, when the lights in the auditorium were lowered, the footlights were raised, the orchestra began to play "Tara-ra Boom-de-ay," the curtain went up and Miss Collins walked out on the stage. She was welcomed with a great deal of very hearty applause, and for a full minute she was kept bowing. A picture of the lady, made by our special artist, is given herewith, but it may be well to add that her gloves, petticoats and the trimmings of her hat were black, the gown itself pink and the big wig yellow. Miss Collins was wondrously piquant in appearance.

The verses of the original song, telling of a society girl's uncontrollable friskiness, are already well-known doggerel. Miss Collins sang them with a depth of comic expression, however, that made them mean more than any casual reader could imagine. But it was seeing her, not in hearing her, that the spectators had their most extravagant anticipations realized. She was more a pantomimist than a dancer—grotesque as the clown in a circus, pliant as the contortionist and agile as the tumbler. These activities accompanied the chorus, and were expressive, to the furthest degree of absurdity, of the society girl's utter unrestraint and fierce jollity. She had more varieties of jaunty gait, more violent travesties of feminine coquetry, more twistings, bendings and turnings than it would seem possible to exhibit in the short five minutes that the song lasted. The actress seemed exceedingly nervous, notwithstanding the encouragement given to her by the audience and her many years of experience on the stage. For an encore she sang:

Dr. Jenkins, bright and gay, met us in the lower bay,  
Said he, "My friends, you'll have to stay to see if you'll get the cholera-ay."  
A pretty plight you must admit, but still it plagued us not a bit.  
We said, "It's only for one day, let's sing to pass the hours away."  
Tara-ra boom-de-ay.

As to the deservings of this strange success by Miss Collins, it is a pleasant fact that she is wholly free from the slightest vulgarity. She has none of the wanton qualities of the skirt-dancers and high-kickers. Her exploits are fun gone mad, very riotous, but with no lapse into unseemliness, and with nothing in all its abandon of foolery to be condemned as indecent.

## THE AMERICAN STAGE.

It used to be thought essential to the success and proper production of a new play that it should first be presented in a metropolitan theater. This was following the English system of production in a London theater to insure advertisement for the provinces. But there are not as many theatrical centers in Great Britain as in this country. Here Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, offer all the advantages of the metropolitan stage for an experimental production. Of late years these cities have proved to be better paying theatrical centers than the great city of New York. This is especially the case in Boston and Chicago, where the places of amusement do a better all-the-year-round business than the metropolitan theaters. One reason of this is probably because there are not so many counter-attractions in those cities, and an-

other is that the suburban towns, connected by railways, contribute largely to the audiences. As in London, the suburbs of New York are provided with theaters, which claim the local patronage.

It is the fashion now to present novelties first in one of the outside cities to get them in good running order before the metropolitan production, that will advertise for the tour of the country. All the reigning local attractions, excepting those of "Wang" and "Captain Lettarblair" and "Face in the Moonlight" and "The Scarlet Letter" have been previously presented in other cities—"Sindbad" in Chicago, "A Trip to Chinatown" in San Francisco, Pauline Hall in her opera of "Puritania" in Boston.

And the prominent attractions of the season will be produced elsewhere before metropolitan production. Private letters chronicle the successful debut in Milwaukee of Mr. John Drew as a star in Clyde Fitch's adaptation of "The Masked Ball," soon to be seen at Palmer's Theater, and the production in Boston of Rice's new extravaganza of "1492," eventually to be presented at the Bijou Opera House.

"Puritania"—a new opera on an American subject by American composers—had its first performance recently in New York before a distinguished audience. Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, who wrote the libretto, is well-known as a newspaper man, and Edgar S. Kelly, the composer, is already famous for his researches in the field of Chinese music. The scene is laid in Salem (1640) during the witch excitement. We present the splendid scene at the end of the first act. Let us have more American historical plays.

Before presenting Archibald Gunter's dramatization of Colonel Savage's novel, "My Official Wife," at the Union Square Theater in November, Manager Sanger will produce it in Philadelphia. Miss Minnie Seligman will personate the heroine, and her husband, Mr. Robert Cutting, Jr., will make his debut on the professional stage. Young Cutting, like Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. James Brown Potter, learned his art on the amateur stage, and, unless I am very much mistaken, will prove himself to be an acquisition to the list of our promising "juvenile" actors.

Manager Frohman, who could rely on Southern in "Captain Lettarblair" as a popular attraction the season through at the Lyceum Theater, but who cannot do so because of his own and the star's previous engagements, will produce in Chicago with his company on tour the new play in which they will make their metropolitan re-entrée in November.

San Francisco has sent out to the world some good theatrical talent—Lotta, Pixley, O'Neil, Marie Burroughs come to mind. The latest is Miss Ada Lewis, who made a hit at Harrigan's Theater last season as the "tough girl" in "Riley and the 400." Miss Lewis has demonstrated higher ability as a character actress by her personation of a German girl in the revival of "Squatter Sov-

ereignty," one of the old pieces which made Harrigan famous in the old days of his lower Broadway house, and which he has adapted to the times.

James O'Neil, by the way, has successfully produced in Boston a new historical play, "Fontanelle," by Harrison Gray Fiske and his wife, Mary Madden Fiske.

I met Lotta on the street the other day, looking younger and chipper than ever (though it is over a quarter of a century since she came from the slope and appeared here at Wallack's Theater). She is preparing for a tour in a new play, and will not announce it as a "farewell" either. She will open at Montreal.

Mr. Henderson will during the season produce a new spectacle at his Chicago house, which he will present at the Garden Theater next Summer.

Mr. James G. Piggott several years ago gave a very clever personation of an insane, insipid, listless English dude in Bronson Howard's play of "Met by Chance," which Miss Helen Dauvray presented at the Lyceum Theater, and the author has written a similar character for him in his new comedy of "Aristocracy," which Charles Frohman will before long produce, first in Boston and then in this city. Piggott has been engaged in London by cable. He is a nephew of Piggott, the official censor or examiner of plays for the London stage.

Inspired by the success of his production of "The Black Crook" at the Academy of Music (at a cost of fifty thousand dollars), Manager Eugene Tompkins will present at the Boston Theater this Winter the spectacle of "The Babes in the Wood," which will be seen next season at the establishment on Irving Place.

While we shall not have grand opera in this country this season by the Abbey & Grau troupe, in consequence of the decision of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House and the impossibility of remodeling the Carnegie Music Hall in time, we shall have good light opera by Mapleson's company and the Lillian Russell company. Miss Russell has appeared in San Francisco, with great success, in Gilbert & Collier's new opera, "The Mountebank." The Mapleson company, of which his accomplished wife, Mrs. Laura Schirmer Mapleson is the prima donna, will produce "Fodette" in Boston next month and appear at the Fifth Avenue Theater in December.

The change at the Casino from light opera to a ballet and specialty entertainment, after the style of the Alhambra in London, is the result of the popularity of the café chantant roof garden performance. The experiment is regarded as doubtful, because where there is a café connection it is impossible, even with a scale of prices, to prevent the "mixed" audiences, which have rendered Koster & Bial's objectionable to the better classes, who would still like to patronize their entertainments. Hyde & Behman, who, as the lessees of the Park Theater, a few blocks below the Casino, will avail themselves of the furore expected to be created at the other house by presenting a variety entertainment at popular prices. Tony Pastor continues on in the even tenor of his way, attracting crowded houses month after month.

Henry Guy Carlton's play, "Ye Olde Trouble," popularly accepted in Boston last season, will shortly be produced at Proctor's Theater for a run.

C. F.



MISS LOTTIE COLLINS.



## THE EXPLORER OF MARS.

It will be remembered that at the time of Mars's close approach to the earth the proprietor of this journal invited Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan Observatory—the most distinguished astronomer living, and the discoverer of the canals on the planet Mars—to visit Lick University, California, in order to study our nearest neighbor in the solar system. Of course, ONCE A WEEK relied upon the directors of the Lick Observatory to extend the savant the valuable permission, but beyond that courtesy—which was gladly assured—the proprietor intended that (aside from paying all expenses of the trip) the visitor should be the nation's guest in every sense. The interest regarding our near-by neighbor in space was so universal that the popular homage the visitor would have received would have been very gratifying to him.

To the sincere regret of the proprietor of ONCE A WEEK, however, the savant was unable to come to the United States. His cablegram stating that fact was published. He has since sent us the following letter, with his photograph:

MILAN OBSERVATORY, August 23, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR—Many personal reasons have made it impossible for me to accept your magnificent offer. I truly appreciate it. You have been so kind to me that I cannot but comply with your desire by sending the enclosed photograph of mine, which, although not very good, is the best I have now at my disposition.

The map of Mars published in your newspaper represents the aspect of the planet in 1881-82 during the great display of duplicate lines. It is now somewhat different. The main features of the surface are constant, but the minor details are perpetually changing with the period of the seasons on the planet. This explains why different observers, who have explored Mars in different epochs, can give so different and conflicting descriptions of the same object. But we may be sure that the astronomers at the Lick Observatory will, in due time, throw all possible light on the doubtful periods.

You will pardon my broken English. I am your most obedient servant,  
J. V. SCHIAPARELLI.

We can assure the good professor that he will always have a warm place in the American heart. We rather take to Mars over here, and to anybody who will make us better acquainted with his people and their ways.

## MUSIC DURING THE HEBREW NEW YEAR.

The Hebrews of New York, and their co-religionists throughout the world, assembled in their synagogues and held solemn services in honor of New Year's Day, on September 23d. Every follower of the faith, no matter how liberal, closed his place of business out of respect to the great holiday observed by his race. No Hebrew is permitted to ride on that day, and the rain made the walking very uncomfortable; but the attendance at the places of worship was very large. One feature of the Hebrew service that always deserves commendation is the music, and an article on the musical services in New York is very opportune.

Hebrews, having musical instinct second to none, with peculiarly exalted musical traditions, musical training the best of the time, and having for patrons the wealthiest congregations in the cities, one would imagine the music of our Jewish places of worship to be the most brilliant and sensational of all the musical services. While the average of the Hebrew music is of a much higher standard and much of it better sung than that of the average Christian church, it is, as a whole, far from sensational.

This is due to the inflexible conservatism of the orthodox portion of the race, to the fact that music has always been limited to the sphere of worship, and in no sense an entertainment, to the dissection of the body by diversity of practice, to the comparative freedom from the necessity of self-support by Jewish singers and to a strong objection to the singing of their service by Christians that is had by the division having the best Hebrew music at its command.

As in all other lines of the present time, a subtle but strong tendency away from original traditional simplicity and toward brilliant superficiality is steadily growing in the reformed ranks. No doubt even Solomon himself, who was amongst the musically dippant of his time, would have been surprised in a temple here recently to hear some rare old Hebrew words sung to the Valentine aria from Faust! This departure is sorely lamented and bitterly fought by those who have tradition at heart.

Orthodoxy is an imported article. The somersaults to agnosticism by the Americanized edition of the Hebrew race is apt to be abrupt and radical. Between the two is an extensive plaza of "reformation," in which the ritual is flexible, and great liberties are taken. Many other reforms would doubtless be instituted but for the restraining influence of loyalty to forefathers, which in all classes amounts to a sort of moral frenzy.

Sub-divisions again occur according to nationality, giving the Portuguese and Spanish, German, Russian, Polish, sects, each having distinct services and sympathies. The jealousy between the German, the largest body, and the Portuguese and Spanish, the most aristocratic, is strong. The orthodox meet in synagogues, the reformed in temples. Dr. Gottheil, of the Temple Emanuel, is of the German reformed of the most radical type. His antipodes in orthodoxy is Dr. H. P. Mendez, of the Nineteenth street synagogue.

Naturally this severance of ecclesiastical function is reflected in the music.

Owing to the successive dispersions of the race almost every trace of the original temple music, instrumental and practical, has been obliterated. Little beyond traditional sentiment remains to guide latter-day musical observances. Zealous explorers are now at work in Palestine unearthing relics of ancient music.

Naturally, the orthodox claim the nearest approach to the temple day-service. With them may be found the oldest, rarest melodies, some of them inexpressibly beautiful,

and invaluable in indicating the original character of musical sentiment. Many of these have no doubt been sadly disfigured by the oral transmission of melody before the days of musical characters. These are kept strictly simple by the faithful, but largely modernized by the reformed cantor who is the musical director. Dr. Gott-

minister of the first Jewish settlement in American, well remembers the air of shocked indignation with which members of his father's congregation rose from their pews and left the synagogue on hearing some slight innovation. As director of the choir, later, he, too, remembers the grief of an orthodox leader on his introduction of the tuning-fork as an instrument of holding his singers together. "As well an organ as a tuning-fork!" the old gentleman exclaimed. In the reformed churches harp, violin, cornet and other modern instruments are being added to the organ on special days.

Women and Christians are also rigorously prohibited from the orthodox choir. Almost a rupture occurred some twenty years ago in the Portuguese denomination on this point. Service is held either in Hebrew or English.

The only instrument of ancient times in use in the modern synagogue is the "schofar," a pipe-like trumpet which as an instrument of alarm is sounded on New Year's Day, at sunset on the Day of Atonement and in the Portuguese synagogue before the Day of Atonement, in a succession of staccato notes, strong, wild and piercing. In the reformed churches the cornet is superseding the schofar. Considerable amusement was created on the last occasion of the blowing of the schofar by the inability of the blower to manage his wind, resulting in a succession of cracking breaks such as we sometimes hear from the tally-ho on the return home. Even the good rabbi was obliged to smile.

The cantor is the musical major domo of the Jewish church. Indeed he performs the principal part of the service dressed in vestments like the rabbi. He must have received theological orders, as well as musical education,

and must have a professionally trained voice of perfect method. There is at present no school for the cantor in New York, but hopes are entertained of one being established. Among the representative cantors of the city are Rev. Sparger, of Temple Emanuel, Rev. Kartschmaroff, of Sixty-fifth street and Madison avenue, Rev. Newmark, of Temple Israel, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Fifth avenue, Dr. Nieto, of Nineteenth street, and Dr. Seimger, of Forty-fourth Street Temple.

Among the prominent Jewish singers in the churches are Mr. Fritch, a German Jew; Fannie Hirsch, Adele Strauss, Mrs. Evalina Hartz, Mr. Albert Mansfield, Miss Wichman, Mr. Werschoff, a Russian named Minkowsky, the possessor of a most ravishing tenor voice, who sings in the Eldridge street synagogue; Miss Frank, Mr. Bolona and Mr. Sanger. Of the Christian singers prominent in Jewish choirs we have Mrs. Anna Bulkley Hills, who has sung in the Temple Emanuel fourteen years, Charles Herbert Clarke, Albert G. Thies, Mme. Ella Pfaff.



PAUL SOMMERS, ORGANIST TEMPLE ISRAEL.

Mr. A. G. Davis, of the Temple Emanuel, and Mr. Paul Sommers, of the Temple Israel, are two of the most erudite organists in the city. The latter was a pupil of Kullak.

There is no school of Jewish music in the city. The men of the Hebrew race are not the ones to be willing to make a profession of music. In the Jewish Sunday-school at present the most popular of the hymns of the synagogue are sung, but efforts are making to systematize the sacred song of the Hebrew children. One of these efforts, that has made but slow headway against the tide of conservatism, is a book of children's songs arranged by Rev. Dr. Goldstein, a prominent Cincinnati cantor. The Jewish service is always an interesting one, and in the smallest temple or synagogue one is certain of hearing something excellent in music.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

J. V. SCHIAPARELLI, THE DISTINGUISHED ASTRONOMER.  
[From a Photograph by Pozzi, of Milan.]



## PALMER AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

"Between the dark and the daylight  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupation,  
Which is known as the Children's Hour."

LONGFELLOW.

YEARS ago, a group of young men stood one day on the quay of Cadiz. They were hardy spirits, banded together for the common motive of sightseeing and amusement. One of the party carried a small, black box; it was from this that the funds of the company were to be drawn—for the young Americans were penniless. That box was a Daguerreotype machine, one of the first of its kind. The wandering young blades were to rove over Spain and were to live by taking pictures of the peasants.

It is a long, long time since these brave fellows went on that pilgrimage. In the flight of time, of all the happy throng, only one to-day remains to tell the tale. That man is Hon. Thomas W. Palmer. He was destined, later in life, to become the president of the Columbian Exposition, popularly known as the World's Fair.

Thomas W. Palmer is a many-sided man. His career reads like a chapter from the "Arabian Nights."

As I entered the sumptuous apartments, there was the ring of a childish voice, and the patter, patter, patter of little feet; and a five-year-old boy, clad in the picturesque garments of sunny Spain—gold braid, red sash like a bull-fighter, blue skirt, Zouave waist—romped to his mother's knee. It was Murillo Castlar Higinio Palmer, or, as his mother calls him, Higinio Palmer, when he is good, or "High Jinks" Palmer, when he is a little rascal.

Papa Palmer, as the boy called the World's Fair president, reclined at his ease upon a sofa, coat off, shoes off, tired, drowsy, as a result of a long spin in the dusty train from the seaside resorts. If no man is a hero to his valet, much less so is a man a hero to his infant son; for Murillo Castlar Higinio is perhaps the only person in this world who dares to pull the full, drooping mustache of the ex-Senator and ex-minister to Spain—that mustache which has been graying in the service of men, political parties and corporations. Mrs. Palmer looked on approvingly as Manager Palmer, Murillo and the visitor chatted.

I asked Mr. Palmer to give a brief statement as to the size and attractions of the Fair. The drowsy man rubbed his plump hand over his sun-browned forehead, closed his hazel eyes reflectively and, after a moment's silence, said in an orotund voice:

"Oh, it is impossible! Why, the World's Fair is like a dream. It surpasses anything in the fairy tales."

Murillo, speck of blue and red, is playing with paper dolls.

The child suddenly starts, and in clear, excellent English says:

"Papa Palmer, wasn't that a nice kiss?"

The Spanish boy is kissing his adopted father; his baby fingers play through the silvery meshes of the older man's head; by and by he is giving baby love-taps and then the dolls come to his fancy once more.

"Yes," says Papa Palmer, abstractedly.

"The World's Fair," he goes on, after a time, "is built upon a sandy stretch of soil. This gave the designers opportunity to treat the view as they chose. The view from the lake will be grand beyond comparison. All the buildings are designed by men of fame; those bays and lagoons, the touches of Art and Nature, the marriage of the sea, the sky and the shore will present a spectacle bewildering in loveliness, matchless in effect and charm, and dream-like in its vistas of lotus land. There is nothing above the earth, on the earth or under the earth, as far as I know, that in anywise approximates the attractions we shall offer in that view of the Fair from the lake. Nothing outside of the 'Arabian Nights' is fit to be compared to the artistic side of the Columbian Fair."

President Palmer said that the formal opening of the Fair is now set for October 19th. The civic celebration will be indicative of peace, plenty and prosperity. There will be innumerable parades, with fireworks, electric demonstrations by night, a water pageant, together with a splendid spectacle, "The Procession of the Centuries," which will move through the waterways of the Exposition grounds.

The dedicatory exercises will be held October 21st, and will be a grand and imposing event. Our own government will be represented by the leaders from all ranks, while many distinguished foreign guests will add to the dignity of the occasion. There will be fireworks, military maneuvers and parades. Brilliant social entertainments will be given by the citizens of Chicago during the three days of the exercises.

Murillo—"Papa Palmer, I don't like English."

Papa Palmer—"There, there, Murillo Castlar Higinio."

"I do love New York," said Mrs. Palmer—one of the widest known women—"because there one can go about without always thinking of society. It is a grand city—the grandest in the land."

Mr. Palmer (opening his drowsy eyes)—"Except Chicago, Lizzie."

Mrs. Palmer—"Oh, I don't know about that."

"I tell you," continued the man on the sofa, rolling uneasily, "I tell you, in a short time Chicago is bound to overtake London! Talk about overtaking New York;

I say—Lizzie, do you hear—London; Chicago will overtake London."

Murillo Castlar Higinio—"Papa Palmer, my paper doll Clara is dead."

"I am convinced," goes on the World's Fair president, "that no one can say too many good things about Chicago. It is unlike New York, to begin with, in the fact that it is an American city; New York is a foreign city, in effect; Chicago is busier than New York; the sum of the matter is that the logs are rolling on the feet of the Chicago people, day and night, so fast, that they must keep on the jump all the time to keep up with business."

"If Chicago were burned down in ten years she would once more be as large as she is to-day. You can't stop, hinder or check the growth of this fabulous city. Why, it is increasing in population at the rate of one hundred thousand people per year, while London is increasing but



THOMAS W. PALMER,  
President of the World's Columbian Fair Commission.

fifty thousand! I tell you, Chicago will one day pass even London."

President Palmer further declared that, to his mind, Chicago presented a busier spectacle than did New York. He admitted that there were some streets in New York which were more densely thronged—at certain times of the day—but maintained that, for extent of congested area, for general and widespread battle of life on the streets, Chicago was far in advance of New York.

As to the relative degree of comfort in humble homes between the New York flat-house idea and the system in vogue in Chicago, Mr. Palmer admitted that he did not really know.

Mrs. Palmer steps to a corner and returns directly with a small wicker basket. This she places on the floor before the man on the sofa. Murillo Castlar Higinio drops the dolls and his bright, brown eyes kindle with expectation.

"It is Mrs. Palmer's dog Propobo"—was that the name?—"the smallest dog you ever saw," says Mr. Palmer, yawning.

The doglet lay in a nest of down, a sleek-sided, beady-eyed beauty, not much larger than a New York tenement-house rat.

Murillo Castlar Higinio makes a feint to kiss the doglet's nose.

"I kissed his nose," says the boy, proudly.

"Be kind to"—was it Propobo?—"Murillo Castlar, and then he will be your friend," suggests the drowsy man, wearily passing his hand over his forehead.

"I must advertise for a new nurse for 'High Jinks,'" breaks in Mrs. Palmer, tapping the electric button for a bellboy. "It is hard to get a girl who will speak Spanish and English."

The love of the distinguished American for Murillo, the Spanish boy, is one of the many romantic touches in the life of a famous man. Up in Michigan, in the office of the millionaire lumberman, the great ledgers are being kept, in reality, as time will show, in the interest of that black-haired, brown-eyed waif, thrown by a strange freak of Fate into the lap of luxury and the good things of this life from the squalid hovel of a Spanish ancestry. There is not a pine-tree cut in the millionaire's broad forests, not a log rolled in the Springtime, not a wheel turned in the big mills, that is not, after all, for this little Spanish waif, Murillo! A romance from the "Arabian Nights"? Here is the tale as the man on the sofa told it that drowsy afternoon:

"My wife and I were at a watering-place, San Bardino, on that strip of land which links France and Spain. The maid was combing my wife's hair one day at our window, when suddenly there was a child's cry sounding from the surf. 'That is the way I would cry if some one ducked me,' said Mrs. Palmer, 'and I will go down and tell the woman to stop.' I persuaded her not to go. Next day, at the same time, the cry was heard again. 'I am going to put a stop to this!' said Mrs. Palmer. Before I could prevail upon her, she had crossed the lawn, behind her maid, running for dear life. By snatches of French, German, Spanish and English, and with much gesturing, Mrs. Palmer finally succeeded in conveying the idea to the Spanish mother to stop 'ducking' the child. Well, the boy was brought to our room; weeks passed; each day the Spanish mother came to see us, always bringing the boy. In time we learned to love the little fellow; when we were going away, the woman came to us and

said that we might have the boy for our own, if so we chose. It was a serious matter; I told her to think it over; in a month she came again; we had gone to Madrid; her husband visited us, too; he is a lieutenant in the Spanish army; well, a little paper was drawn up, and the Spanish boy was adopted. I named him Murillo Castlar; but Mrs. Palmer calls him Higinio when he is good and High Jinks when he is bad! The boy's parents are coming over to see us next year. But he does not know them. We took a woman from his native land as a nurse. The boy speaks Spanish and English to perfection."

Mr. Palmer might have added that he agreed to educate the boy, and in all ways play the devoted, millionaire father. He sets aside every month, for his Spanish boy, five hundred dollars. This fund is to be strictly maintained, month by month, for the next seventeen years, or until Murillo is twenty-one years of age.

President Palmer has sterling ideas as to woman's sphere. The talk turned on woman's work at the World's Fair; and the instance was sighted of a California girl who is to exhibit at the Fair the work she does at the forge—fine iron ornaments.

"That is right," said Mr. Palmer. "I am heartily in favor of widening woman's sphere. The trouble has been that our women are hampered by not knowing what is in the world. If they want to work, they must sew, or do typewriting, or go in an office or a factory. There are many trades a woman ought to understand. I think a woman who is educated in the mechanical arts has a broader and a better opportunity of making her living."

Mr. Palmer did not know, personally, the cost of privileges, booths, etc., for the Fair. These are sold, he said, on a percentage basis. "I understand," he explained, "that seventy-five thousand dollars was refused for the popcorn privilege! I know nothing of the statement that the peanut privilege has recently brought one hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"The World's Fair half-dollars, I anticipate, will be in big demand as mementos of the occasion. As the number is limited, and as everybody will be after them, they ought easily bring a good big advance, say a dollar each."

Mrs. Cas. Hig.—"Papa Palmer, will you?"

Mr. Palmer—"Murillo Castlar Higinio, if you do not stop kicking that door I will not take you to the theater to-night. You want to go, don't you?"

Mrs. Cas. Hig.—"Wasn't that a nice kiss?"

Mrs. Palmer—"Dear, dear, to-morrow the boy must have the new nurse! Here, I have just finished the advertisement."

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

## HIRING A CAMPAIGN ORATOR.

A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE PARTY FROM THE BOW-WOWS.

"You say you have had experience, eh?" said the manager, as the hungry actor came before him yesterday afternoon.

"I have, indeed," said the man, drawing himself up. "I have been with Booth and Bernhardt; I understand how to spellbound an audience; I am posted on the topics of the day."

"Then, besides," said the needy actor, warming to his theme, "I have a mellow voice, easily heard a mile in the open air."

"It will be of great value in our outdoor meetings," said the manager, thoughtfully.

"Besides," pursued the hungry man, a glint in his off-eye, "I may say that I am something of a poet. Sentiment always goes, you know."

"It does."

"I can sway an audience from laughter to tears in ten seconds. I cry real tears, I do."

The manager fell into a dream.

"Then, I promise you, sir, in case our party succeeds, I will not ask you for a job in November."

"You are a genuine surprise!"

"Thank you, sir."

"Remember, this is a campaign of education. I believe I shall recommend you for the place."

"And in this campaign I shall make it a point to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Jumping jimminy!" roared the manager, pulling the bell.

To the porter who responded, he said:

"James, lead this man out. He is a raving lunatic. If I hire him, our party will go to the bow-wows in a week!"



## DIED WITH HIS BOOTS ON.

"Hi, there!" cried a boy, as we were sitting in the country tavern one night last week; "hi, there! come down to the river, quick; old man Tank is going to drown himself!"

When we reached the bank there was Tank, wading out in the creek. He had reached a place where the water was about waist-deep.

"Go 'way, go 'way!" he shouted; "I don't want any help, boys. I'm bound to go this time."

"Take a rope, old man," said one of the crowd, making a desperate effort to throw a lasso.

"Thanks, boys; but the fact is, I'm sick and tired. I've tried powder and ball, the cold steel, poison, and, land's sakes! I don't know what else. I am satisfied that this world is all a howling farce."

We waited.

"I am satisfied that Jay Gould, and Vanderbilt, and Astor have all the money, and it's no use trying. Tell the rest of the boys that I died game. You will observe that I have my boots on, boys."

We observed.

"Plant a wild sage-bush on my grave and let the prairie hen build her nest in the shrubbery near by. Please stand back, now, while I wade out to my neck and then quietly duck my head and hold it under till life is extinct."

Just then there was a yell on the bank.

"So you will drown yourself, will you," shrieked a woman, "and leave me alone with six children? Not if I know it!"

She made a grand rush toward the drowning man.

"You will get drunk and run for the river, eh?"

"I was just out looking for clams," he gasped, as she splashed him under again and again.

"Oh, never mind, now; just come home and hump, bustle and hurry till you buy us a barrel of flour, put a few bushels of 'taters in the cellar, and give each of the children a new dress and a hair-cut. After that, if you still think of leaving me a widow, I'll be in a position to consider what I can do to revive the old love-flame that once Parson Davies showed for me."

He concluded to live.

J. H. G.

A MAN never fully realizes the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.

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Cures Others will cure you.

## NICETTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SAINT-JUIRS, IN "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."  
(Concluded from last week.)

"POOR Nicette," he mused; "she was very sad when I last saw her. Her guardian, who knows nothing of the world outside his class of wind instruments at the Conservatoire de Musique, had taken upon himself to promise her hand to a brute of an amateur of fencing whom she detests—the more because she has given her heart to somebody else. Who is that happy mortal?—I haven't the least idea; but he is certainly worthy of her, or she would never have chosen him. Good, gentle, beautiful, loving Nicette deserves the ideal of husbands. Ah! she is the very wife that would have suited me, if—if— By Jove, it's an infamy to compel her to destroy her life—by confiding such a treasure to such a brute! I have never before so well understood the generous ardor which fired the breasts of the wandering knights, and spurred them on to the deliverance of oppressed beauty!—And, now I come to think of it, what hinders me from becoming the knight-errant of Nicette? My fate is settled—at nine o'clock—after that it will be too late; now, therefore, is the time for action! The hour is a little unusual for visiting people; but, when I reflect that, five hours hence, I shall be no more, I conclude that I have no time for standing on etiquette. Forward!—my life for Nicette!"

Anatole rose—and then, perceiving that he had no money, he gave his gold watch to the waiter in payment for the champagne—a watch worth five hundred francs.

The garçon took the chronometer, and examined it closely—weighed it in his hand, opened it—and finally put it in his pocket doubtfully and without thanking Anatole.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he rang at the door of Monsieur Bouvard, the guardian of Nicette. He rang once, twice, and, at the third tug, broke the bell-wire. At length Monsieur Bouvard himself, in his nightdress and in great alarm, came and opened the door.

"What is the matter—is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear Monsieur Bouvard," said Anatole, "I have paid you a little visit."

"At this hour!"

"It is pleasant to see you at any hour, my dear Monsieur Bouvard! But you are so lightly dressed—pray get into bed again."

"I am going to do so. But, I suppose, monsieur, that it was not simply to trouble me in this way that you have come at such an hour? You have something of importance to say to me?"

"Very important, Monsieur Bouvard! It is to tell you that you must renounce the idea of marrying my cousin Nicette to Monsieur Capdenac."

"What do you say?"

"You must renounce that project."

"Never, monsieur!—never!"

"Don't fly in the face of Providence by using such language!"

"My resolution is fixed, monsieur; this marriage will take place."

"It will not, monsieur!"

"We will see about that. And, now that you have had my answer, monsieur, I'll not detain you."

"A speech none too polite, Monsieur Bouvard; but, as I am as good-natured as I am tenacious, I will pass over it, and—remain."

"Stay if it pleases you to do so; but I shall consider you gone, and hold no further conversation with you."

Saying which Monsieur Bouvard turned his face to the wall, grumbling to himself:

"Was ever such a thing seen!—rousing a man at such an hour!—breaking his sleep, only to pour into his ears such a pack of nonsense!"

Suddenly Monsieur Bouvard sprang to a sitting posture in his bed.

Anatole had possessed himself of the professor's trombone, into which he was blowing like a deaf man, and sending from the tortured instrument sounds of indescribable detestableness.

"My presentation trombone!—given me by my pupils! Let that instrument alone, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me gone; I shall consider you—absent, and shall amuse myself until you return. Couac! couac!—fromn! brout! Eh?—that was a fine note!"

"You will get me turned out of the house; my landlord will not allow a trombone to be played here after midnight."

"A man who evidently hath not music in his soul! Frrou! frrou! prrr!"

"You will split my ears!—you'll spoil my instrument!—A trombone badly played on is a trombone destroyed, monsieur!"

"Couac! prounn, pra—pra—prrrr—"

"For mercy's sake give over!"

"Will you consent?"

"To what?"

"To renounce the idea of that marriage?"

"Monsieur, I cannot!"

"Then—couac!"

"Monsieur Capdenac—"

"Prrrroum!"

"Is a terrible man to deal with!"

"Frrou! frrou!"

"If I were to offer him such an affront, he would kill me."

"Is that the only reason which stops you?"

"That—and several others."

"In that case leave the matter to me; only swear to me that if I obtain Monsieur Capdenac's renunciation my cousin shall be free to choose a husband for herself."

"Really, monsieur, you abuse—"

"Couac, frrrrou! frrou! prrrr!"

"Monsieur, monsieur—she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word. Will you now allow me to retire? By the way, where does your Capdenac live?"

"Number 100, Rue des Deux-Epées."

"I fly thither!—Until we meet again!"

"You are going to throw yourself into the lion's mouth, and he will teach you a lesson you deserve," said Monsieur Bou-

vard, as Anatole hurried from the bed-chamber and shut the door after him.

Without a moment's hesitation Anatole betook himself to the address of the fire-eating fencer; it was just six o'clock when he arrived there. He rang the door-bell.

"Who is there?" demanded a rough voice behind the door.

"Open!—very important communication from Monsieur Bouvard."

The sounds of a night-chain and the turning of a key in a heavy lock were heard.

"Here is a man who does not forget to protect himself against unwelcome visitors!" remarked Anatole to himself.

The door opened at length. Anatole found himself in the presence of a gentleman with a mustache fiercely upturned, whose nightdress appeared to be the complete costume of the fencing school.

"You see, always ready; it's my motto."

The walls of the swordsman's antechamber were completely covered with panoplies of arms of all descriptions; yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabers, rapiers, one

and two-handed swords, pistols—a regular arsenal—enough to terrify any timid-minded observer.

"Bah!" thought Anatole, "what do I now risk!—at most two hours and a half!"

"Monsieur," said Capdenac, "may I be allowed to know—"

"Monsieur," replied Anatole, "you want to marry Mademoiselle Nicette?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Monsieur, you will not marry her!"

"Ah! thunder!—blood! who will prevent me?"

"I shall, monsieur!"

"Ah!—young man, you are very lucky to have found me in one of my placable moments. Take advantage of it—save yourself while you have time; otherwise I will not answer for your days!"

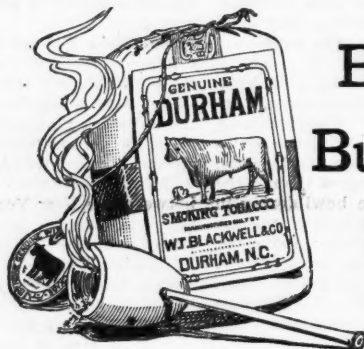
"Nor I for yours."

"A challenge!—to me!—Capdenac!—Do you know that I have been a master of the art of fencing for ten years?"

"There's nothing offensive about me!"

"I have fought twenty duels—and had the misfortune to kill five of my adversa-

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ries, besides wounding the fifteen others! Come, I have taken pity on your youth!—once more, go away."

"I see, by your preparations, that you are an adversary worthy of me and my long growing desire to confront a man so redoubtable. Let's see! what shall we fight with? Those two double-handed swords standing by the fireplace? Or those two boarding-axes? With cavalry sabers, or would you prefer a pair of curved yatagans? You hesitate: can't you make up your mind?"

"I am thinking of your mother and her coming distress."

"I haven't a mother to be distressed. Would you rather fight with a carbine—pistol?—or revolver?"

"Young man—don't play with firearms."

"Are you afraid? You are trembling!"

"Trembling! I? It's with cold."

"Then fight, or at once renounce the hand of Nicette."

"Renounce the hand of Mademoiselle Nicette! By Jove, I admire your bravery! and brave men are made to understand one another. Shall I make a confession to you?"

"Speak!"

"For some time past I have myself had thoughts of breaking off this marriage, but I did not know how to do it. I consent, therefore, with pleasure to do what you wish; but, at the same time you must see that I cannot appear to give way to threats, and you have threatened me."

"I retract them."

"In that case, all is understood."

"You will give me, in writing, your renunciation?"

"Young man, you have so completely won my sympathy that I can refuse you nothing."

Furnished with the precious document, Anatole flew back to the dwelling-place of Monsieur Bouvard: he had a considerable distance to walk, and by the time he reached the professor's door it was nearly eight o'clock in the morning.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

"Go home and go to bed!" cried the professor, savagely.

"I have got Capdenac's renunciation of Nicette's hand! Open the door, or I will break it down."

Monsieur Bouvard admitted him, and Anatole placed in his hand the momentous paper. That done, he rushed to the door of Nicette's room and cried:

"Cousin, get up—dress yourself quickly and come here!"

"It appears, monsieur, that I am no longer master of my own home!" exclaimed Monsieur Bouvard; "you go and come, and order as you please! To make you understand that I will have nothing more to say to you, I—I will go back to my morning newspaper, in the reading of which you have interrupted me!"

A few minutes later, Nicette, looking fresh as dawn, arrived in the drawing-room.

"What is the matter?"

"The matter," said Monsieur Bouvard, "is that your cousin is mad!"

"Mad? So be it!" replied Anatole.

"Last night, my dear little cousin, I obtained two things: the renunciation of your hand by Monsieur Capdenac, and the promise of your worthy guardian to bestow it on the man of your choice—the man you love."

"Do you really wish me to marry Anatole, guardian?"

"Eh?" cried Anatole, his breath nearly taken away.

"Since I love you, cousin!"

At that moment Anatole felt his heart beat violently. Was it from pleasure at the unexpected avowal made by Nicette, or was it the agony, the death symptom predicted by the doctor?

"Unfortunate that I am!" he cried.

"She loves me—I am within reach of happiness, and am to die without attaining it!"

Then, taking the hands of Nicette feverishly within his own, he told her all about the letter, the venomous flower he had scented, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he had written, and the steps he had successfully taken to release her from the claim of Capdenac.

"And now," he said, in conclusion, "I have only to go home and die!"

"But it is impossible!" cried Nicette.

"This doctor must have been mistaken; who is he?"

"A man who is never in error, Nicette—Dr. Bardais!"

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, bursting into laughter. "Listen to what my newspaper here says: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has been suddenly seized with mental alienation. The madness with which he has been stricken is of a scientific character. It is well known that he was absorbingly engaged in an inquiry into the nature of venomous substances, and lately he had fallen into the delusion that everybody he met was under the influence of poison, and endeavored to persuade them that such was their condition. He was last night transported to the Maison de Santé of Dr. Blank.'"

"Nicette!"

"Anatole!"

The two young persons fell into each other's arms.

THE END.

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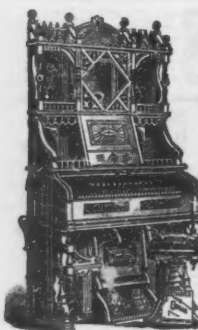
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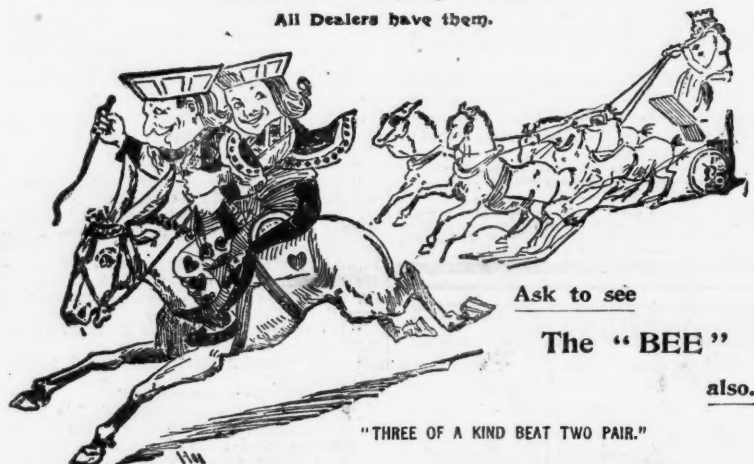
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